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MORE World War confessions! Here is one from Isidor J. Kresel, one of the three attorneys now defending in court the acts of the Wilson Administration in disposing of the German chemical patents, for the recovery of which the Government is suing:

President Wilson was sufficiently far-seeing to realize that the war was not won simply because we beat Germany. THIS WAS A COMMERCIAL WAR. *It was won when the [Wilson] Administration saw to it that our country, our industries, were freed from the German slavery.*

A commercial war! Was it not for saying this truth in war time that Eugene Debs and many another American was sent to prison? Was it not the Wilson Administration whose officials at the very beginning of the war announced that they would prosecute any man who declared that the war was an economic or a capitalistic one? Well, Mr. Kresel is consistent in his defense of Woodrow Wilson, for Mr. Wilson has himself admitted that it was a commercial war, as every sane student of the situation knew that it was at the time. Now that it is safe to do so, the Wilsonites who are seeking to defend themselves in court from the consequences of their incredibly unmoral if not criminal acts are actually citing the commercial character of the struggle as their defense! Nothing more about our ideals, or saving America from the "Hun," or making the world safe for democracy, or any of the rest of all that humbug and hypocrisy!

THE World Court as a national political issue seems to us absurd. It bears no relation to the immediate needs of the United States or of Europe. We have expressed our regret that the court, as constituted, does not go further toward compulsory jurisdiction, codification of international law, and outlawry of war; and we have said that nevertheless we believe that this country should take part in any forward step along the highway of international arbitration. But we cannot for the life of us wax enthusiastic, pro or con, about this court. Until the nations of Europe are ready to accept its jurisdiction—France, for instance, to submit her rights in the Ruhr to its adjudication—our participation in the court is essentially a mere gesture of good-will. The churchmen and others who are appealing to the country to enter the court as a means of saving civilization so exaggerate their case that they injure it. The pro-Leaguers are, of course, so anxious to interpret any step out of isolation as a step toward the League that they arouse unnecessary suspicions. Many of the opponents of the court apparently never have read its statutes and do not know that it is a judicial, not a political, organization, with no power to enforce its decisions, on which the judges sit not as the representatives of their governments, but as jurists chosen for their judicial acumen by all the nations of the world. We wish the court itself well, but the campaign for it begins to look altogether too much like a red herring distracting attention from more significant issues, and a trick to drag us toward the League.

FOR sheer impudence and downright misrepresentation commend us to the speech made by Gaston Liebert, director of the French Information Bureau in New York—in plain English, the chief French propagandist in America—before a group of New York bankers. We are indebted to him for his frank avowal that France has her hands on Germany's throat and intends to keep them there. But what could his listeners have thought, after hearing him declare that the Ruhr crime had resulted in the Allies "acting more and more closely together" and "upholding the legitimate rights of France," to pick up the evening newspapers and read that Prime Minister Baldwin is doing nothing of the kind? Why should we have an official French propagandist in America or any official propagandist, be he English, German, Italian, or Russian, or anybody else? If President Harding were concerned with the fitness of things he would ask Ambassador Jusserand to send M. Liebert home at once.

"A SIMPLE incident in the life of the country"—so the Bulgarian revolutionists who by a swift coup overthrew the Government of Stamboulisky described their achievement. In the long history of Bulgarian uprisings and upsets it may be so ranked, but from the point of view of the world the success of the anti-Stamboulisky movement, described as smacking distinctly of Fascism, is of

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great importance. In the first place, the Balkans are still a tinder-box which any spark may inflame; in the second place, this peasant rule of Stamboulisky's was, in many respects, one of the suggestive governmental developments in Europe—its compulsory labor laws were described in our last week's International Relations Section. Over Stamboulisky himself few tears need be shed. He is a man of violence who ruled ruthlessly in the interest of an agrarian dictatorship. Like most other revolutionists of recent times he determined to be just as autocratic as were some of his predecessors. Corruption was brought close to his own door, and he was even accused by some indiscreet diplomats of inspiring the murder of some of his antagonists. It was he who directed the arrest and trial of all the Bulgarian ministers from 1913 down—they have now been released by the new pro-German ministry—and he inspired the plebiscite by which it was decided that they should be tried. But Stamboulisky's own personality and his personal misdeeds ought not to becloud the fact that there was a most interesting democratic movement under way in Bulgaria which ought not to have been checked in the way that it has been. It was a peasant government because the great majority of the Bulgarians are peasants who have been for generations exploited by the city dwellers. Naturally when in power they proposed to govern as they saw fit and to give the other fellows a taste of the same medicine they had had for so long.

THE proof of the pudding may be in the eating, but the proof of a treaty is in the reservations. So, before rejoicing unduly at what is heralded as a victory for the American plan of controlling the drug evil, it is well to scrutinize the reservations made in behalf of various countries in the resolution finally adopted by the opium committee of the League of Nations at its sessions in Geneva. The crux of the question, as explained in an article in our International Relations Section this week, is whether the production of opium shall be restricted to "medicinal and scientific purposes," as recommended by our Congress, or to "legitimate uses." The latter construction obviously implies a variety of illegitimate abuses, and seems virtually to have prevailed at Geneva, for the reservation made in behalf of Great Britain and other commercially interested nations protects "established usage" in the production and use of opium. Still, the Geneva meeting recommended a further conference, and each fresh airing of this wretched traffic makes its continuance more difficult. Commercial greed cannot be allowed to wreck the lives of thousands of persons in the Occident as well as the Orient.

FOR the year 1916, 206 persons in the United States reported a taxable income of $1,000,000 or more. For 1917 the number dropped to 141, for 1918 to 67, for 1919 to 65, for 1920 to 33, and for 1921 to 21. There is only one conclusion to be drawn from these figures. It is not that the national wealth is becoming more generally distributed nor, as some of our contemporaries have argued, that we are feeling the effect of hard times. Our business depression did not begin until the middle of 1920. The decrease in the number of persons reporting net incomes of $1,000,000 or more dates from the year when, to fight the war, we began our huge issues of tax-exempt bonds. The continuing drop since then means simply that the wealthy are more and more dodging taxation by putting their money into Liberty bonds or other tax-exempt issues. The facts reinforce the demand for a constitutional amendment to prevent in future the issue of tax-exempt securities, a kind of finance which the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, in spite of his affiliation with wealth, has courageously condemned. The longer such a constitutional amendment is postponed, the more insistent will grow the demand for a tax on capital; for it is only by such means that the vast and yearly increasing issues of tax-exempt securities can be reached.

WHAT is a newspaperman, anyway? Is he a sort of peon, bound to the soil, who cannot change his job unless his owner sells him? Baseball-players are reduced to something like that status, and Mr. Hearst and Mr. Munsey, who represent the big-league newspaper ownership, seem to think that newspaper-writers belong in the same class. Mr. Munsey recently bought the New York *Globe*, and it was known at once that he intended to kill it for the greater glory of his *Telegram* and his *Sun*, as he very soon did. Naturally the editors, the reporters, and the feature-writers of the old *Globe* began to seek new jobs. Some went to the *Mail*, some to the *Evening World*, some elsewhere. Naturally also the *Mail* and the *Evening World* began to advertise the fact that they had picked up some of the *Globe's* best features. Then in stepped Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal* with an editorial entitled Trying to Steal Munsey's Property, speaking of the struggle of the "little evening newspaper failures, each vying with each other in the effort to steal from Munsey the *Globe's* circulation that he had bought and paid for." Mr. Munsey so liked the editorial that he paid to have it reprinted as an advertisement in the *Evening Post*. But what did Mr. Munsey and Mr. Hearst expect their competitors and the former workers on the *Globe* to do? Did their conception of a newspaperman's function imply that he should starve if his paper was sold, and loyally refuse to seek another job? They make sickeningly plain their conception of newspapers as mere commercial property, and of newspapermen as mere office furniture, to be bought and sold with the presses.

THERE is another aspect of the sale of the *Globe* that deserves a word. Mr. Munsey explains that he bought the *Globe* largely because he wanted its Associated Press membership for his *Sun*. Much current comment has assumed the indispensability of an Associated Press membership to a great metropolitan newspaper. Mr. Munsey's own experience with the *Sun* should have taught him better. The *Sun* had 20,000 more circulation than the *Globe* when the *Globe* had the "A. P." news and the *Sun* did not. The *Sun* gave its readers United Press service, and its readers did not suffer. It would be a sorry day for American journalism if there were only one such press association covering the country and the world with its reporters and correspondents. In recent years the United Press has given the Associated Press the keenest kind of competition. It has been a liver, quicker, brighter organization, and it has frequently been fairer-minded. Its treatment of labor disputes has ranked it far above its elder sister. It was responsible for the publicity concerning the shocking terrorism along the line of the Missouri and Arkansas Railroad a few months ago. This is only a sample of the United Press's intelligent and public-spirited policy.

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MR. HOOVER'S American Relief Administration announces that its work in Russia will end in July. There have been hints of an end before, but each time the intention has been overruled by new revelations of continuing famine. Let us hope that this time no new horrors will render continuance necessary. The A.R.A.'s work has been the most gigantic relief effort in the history of the world. At one time it reckoned that it was feeding more than ten million persons; it is still feeding three million children. *The Nation* has had occasion to criticize it; all the more we now render homage to its superb achievement. Mr. Hoover and most of his co-workers have from the beginning been bitter opponents of the ruling regime in Russia; they deserve unstinted credit for so generously overcoming their private prejudices and bearing the major share in the famine relief. Meanwhile, warm-hearted groups continue work in Russia: Mr. Nansen, whose agents have an office at 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, is still at work; the Friends of Soviet Russia, 201 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, are raising funds for tractors; the American Friends Service Committee of Philadelphia is doing needed agricultural reconstruction work.

WILLIAMSTOWN'S Institute of Politics is fortunate in having arranged to have Count Harry Kessler lecture upon Germany and the European Tangle at its sessions this summer. He represents the best liberal thought in Germany. The rest of the program is less encouraging. One expects to see an honest conservatism heavily represented upon the Williamstown programs, but it is upsetting to find such a pseudoscientist as William McDougall leading a round-table upon Race as a Factor in Politics; one is still more amazed that DeWitt Poole, who has been responsible for much of Mr. Hughes's madness in dealing with Russia, should lead a conference upon The Conduct of Foreign Relations Under Modern Democratic Conditions; and the institute degenerates into mere propaganda when Boris A. Bakhmeteff, former Russian Ambassador at Washington, the man responsible for the curious disappearance of millions of American money, is chosen as leader of a group to study The International Aspects of the Russian Question. Men like William S. Culbertson, the enlightened vice-chairman of the Federal Tariff Commission, and Dr. Rowe, the warm-hearted director-general of the Pan-American Union, must feel out of place in such company.

UNPLEASANT facts are leaking from penal institutions all over the country. They always have been—but the Florida scandal has sharpened our ears. It is charged that at the Boys' Training School at St. Paul's Valley, Oklahoma, 150 strokes is not an unusual punishment for boys of ten. One boy at least suffered a broken eardrum from the current discipline of twisting and slapping ears. A prisoner in the New Jersey State Prison charges that he was assaulted by a deputy with a blackjack and gun, thrown into a totally dark cell, and left there for 54 hours, during which time he was given nothing but slices of bread to eat. It is stated a political prisoner kept in "permanent isolation" at Leavenworth for three years was strung up to a cell door and beaten. According to the director of the Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute, 20,000 ex-service men are in jail, many "severely punished for infractions of prison discipline when in fact they are totally irresponsible because of epilepsy." Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing, after making a study of data from all parts of the country, finds that "in States without capital punishment the ratio of homicide to the population is less than in those having capital punishment." He adds that "first offenders average more time in prison than do the second offenders." There is something rotten in our whole punitive system. Under the Massachusetts State law a nine-year-old boy, charged with "entering and breaking," the theft amounting to $4.50, faces from nine to twelve years in confinement as a criminal. There was a day when stupidity and ignorance were some excuse for inhuman, ineffectual, and injurious treatment of offending members of society, but that day has passed. Florida has taken steps toward improvement; likewise the North Carolina prison board.

GIOLITTI, the old fox of Italian politics, is writing his memoirs. Italy, it seems, like America, had its good old days. Giolitti tells a tale of them. In 1888 he made a violent and effective attack upon the financial policy of the Crispi Government. The Government was disturbed; Magliani, the Minister of Finance, was to reply formally the next day, but some more immediate answer seemed necessary. The deputy Toscanelli was assigned the task. He hurried to Giolitti, informed him of the plan, said that he, Toscanelli, was totally ignorant of finance, and begged Giolitti to give him a few arguments in refutation of his own speech. Giolitti obliged him, and Toscanelli's speech was not bad at all. Afterwards Toscanelli sought Giolitti out once more, thanked him, and asked him how it was that the arguments he had supplied against himself were so much better than those provided by the Ministry. "That's easy," the old fox explained. "The Ministry wanted to hold its best arguments for the minister who is to speak tomorrow; whereas I wanted to show that Magliani did not know any more about finance than you, and I succeeded!"

IT was hard to realize that Louis Marie Julien Viaud, long known to the world as Pierre Loti, had reached the age of seventy-three. It seems more fitting that he should have died, as is reported from Paris, than that he should have grown old. Not that his works and ways had the joyousness that is supposed to mark youth. A profound and piercing pessimism, a sense of the annihilation of beauty, haunted the inner rhythm of all he wrote. But one cannot think of old age seeking sensation and strange loves and the exquisite colors of its floating moods in the fabled East, on Northern oceans, in the isles of the ultimate sea. In Loti's novels there was little psychology, little reflection. He was a pictorialist of the race of Châteaubriand, but one without religious beliefs, without central passions of either the mind or heart, gifted with the extraordinarily acute senses and sensibilities of the ultra-modern. Nothing existed for him but the beauty of the phenomenal world. But he did not see that beauty in definite or enameled fragments, but as a never-ending pageant across the face of the final nothingness. Of this pageant he himself was a part, exercising his curious senses, trying to hold fast in literature some fragments of that which is forever perishable and forever in flight. His books are many and are among the most charming in modern literature. He was, in a sense, an expressionist before the days of expressionism. Fortunately he was born too soon to embrace the superstition that stammering is better than speech.

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Germany the Sibyl Herself?

IT seems useless to discuss in detail each succeeding German offer. What is the use when the French announce in advance that nothing will do but complete cessation of passive resistance, and a groveling in the dust as no nation was ever called upon to grovel before? The most significant thing about the latest proposal is Dr. Cuno's fresh appeal for an international conference to sit down and discuss the question face to face and man to man, and, he might have added, with the sole intention of determining Germany's ability to pay and the manner of her paying. When Germany's offers are rejected one after the other without even consideration, it again becomes perfectly obvious that France's motive is to conquer Germany's industry at the behest of the big-business men who control her government.

Of course, our own Tory die-hards in the American press also insist that Germany must first kneel down and denounce herself and admit all the crimes and misdemeanors laid at her door by her enemies and, crying *mea culpa*, confess that she has merely been trying to swindle the Allies and that it would have been better for her from the beginning to have licked their boots and to have accepted in utter humility their every wish and every command—if she had done so these same Tory die-hards would have denounced the Germans for their disgusting servility and spineless abasement. On the other hand, the number is rapidly increasing of those who see in Germany the figure not of the haggling and short-sighted bargainer but of the Sibyl herself. Though formally an abject upon whom her former enemies may trample at their pleasure, it is really upon her that the destinies of the world are waiting. The time may not be far distant when the victor nations may bitterly regret their inability to restore the opportunity that was lost when the first and the last of Germany's offers was so contemptuously spurned. They may wish, when too late, that they had consented to treat fairly and reasonably with a Germany whose social and economic life had not yet fallen into utter confusion. But now we are told again that France can place no reliance on Germany's promises; France does not intend to intrust to an international body the fixation of Germany's capacity to pay; France is not prepared to enter a reparation conference with Germany on a basis of equality. France, as her chief of propaganda in America has just said, has Germany by the throat and does not mean to relax her grasp.

Meanwhile, it is curious to note, reparations from Austria appear to present no problem. We hear of no repeated interchanges of communications between that country and the Allied governments. No Austrian territory suffers the humiliation of being occupied by French troops as a penalty for insolvency. There is even reason to believe that no wrinkles are lining the brow of Secretary Hughes as the result of anxious meditations during the midnight watches over the policy that our own State Department should adopt toward Austria. Does this mean that Austria is quit of her obligations? Is the liquidation of her debts even within sight? No; for some reason or other she is being graciously permitted to regain something of her lost health and vigor before being required to undertake tasks for which only a strong and prosperous nation would be competent. She is not being worried during convalescence by constant demands that she should perform the labors of a Hercules and accused of Punic faith if unable to do something as to which her tormentors cannot themselves agree.

Perhaps it was well for Austria that her collapse should have been so speedy and sensational; that her currency immediately lost its value; that her professional and official classes were so soon reduced to destitution; that the specter of famine at once began to stalk the streets of Vienna. With the economic impotence of the nation so manifestly displayed before the eyes of the world, there could be no question of bringing pressure to bear upon her in order to quicken her sense of her debtor status. There was at any rate sufficient common sense in the councils of the Allied Powers to realize that the first thing to do was to provide means for that recuperation which must be the necessary preliminary to any kind of financial transaction. But, if industrial and economic rehabilitation is the first essential for Austria, it is no less urgently needed for Germany. The German is no better able than the Austrian to make bricks without straw. A starving man will fall down over his job as quickly in Berlin as in Vienna. By a steady process of decline, the conditions of life and work in Germany have become scarcely distinguishable from those which excited so much sympathy, even among persons little prone to be sentimental, when first reported from Austria. Actually today the mark has reached a lower figure in the exchange than the krone. The privations endured by an ever-increasing proportion of the German people are fast reducing not only the standard of living but the standard of working capacity. Before long, if this continues, he who expects Germany to pay any substantial indemnity at all will be seeking grapes from thorns and figs from thistles.

It is singular that the government which is so ruthlessly insistent upon the duty of Germany to starve rather than come short in the least of her financial obligations is herself treating somewhat cavalierly—shall we say?—her own responsibilities as a debtor. No Frenchman has gone without a glass of wine in order that his own government may settle with its creditors. Both the United States and Great Britain are still awaiting any suggestion from France that she is ready to refund what she borrowed from them. Meanwhile, she lends 500,000,000 francs to Poland and Rumania for her and their imperialistic purposes while bemoaning her inability to restore her devastated districts. According to a recent report of the British Board of Trade, France's various industries—coal, iron and steel, cotton, wool, silk, etc.—are enjoying remarkable prosperity. "Not only in material resources and in industrial equipment," says this report, "but also in the organization and direction of the forces at her disposal, France has acquired new powers," particularly in the improvement of her ports, waterways, railways, and roads.

Will England now take a decisive step to end a situation that has by this time become intolerable? If she will not move, surely America cannot much longer hesitate to intervene. Sooner or later, we believe, the Washington Government must invite the Powers to discuss the whole question at an international conference where the atmosphere of reason and sanity would not be disturbed by the clanking of sabers. Let the United States take the lead and if France will not follow—why so much the worse for France. Europe must not and shall not go to ruin because of her.

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Better Pay and Cheaper Coal?

THE anthracite question is slowly getting itself asked. On June 26 the anthracite miners will meet in convention to determine whether they consider the five-month suspension of last summer a defeat or a victory—in other words, whether they will again ask for the wage increase which they did not receive last year or will be content to rest upon their record of no wage reductions. On July 1 the United States Coal Commission is to report on anthracite. On September 1 the present wage agreement expires.

To this meeting of events, if not of minds, the miners have now added a series of interesting proposals, made in the form of a brief presented to the United States Coal Commission, on anthracite accounting and finance. These proposals may in the long run mean more to the public and to the industry than the wage demands which will be formulated in Scranton this month, or than the report of a coal commission to which current comment attributes a politically caused sterility.

These proposals mark progress from the old labor policy of a simple demand for more wages toward an insistence that there are definite sources within the industry from which such increases can and should be taken. If the miners are ready to stand behind their executives in support of these proposals they will put themselves in the vanguard of American labor.

The miners preface their brief with this explanation:

> Wage increases must come either from operating economies, or from limitation of excessive charges for the use of capital, assuming price levels to be unchanged. The question of wages is thus inevitably bound up with that of finance, and it follows that we have a vital interest in the future financing of the industry, as well as in the accuracy of investment figures and cost-accounting methods. Cost-accounting methods turn upon financial policy. . . . We believe that limitation of the investors' constantly encroaching claims upon the net product of the industry is in order. . . .

Again:

> The law creating your commission provides for full investigation and report into the causes which induce strikes. We know from bitter experience that the main cause is the ever-accelerating claim of the holders of anthracite securities. . . .
>
> There is no solution for the economic problem of anthracite until this intolerable grip [of the investors] is relaxed; until the public-service function of the industry is frankly recognized, and until the claims of investors are confined to reasonable limits, the standard of living of the miners permitted to grow with the productive expansion of the country, and the price to the consumer adjusted to these two factors.

In their brief the miners make a series of suggestions, each of which involves a job for the coal commission.

1. They analyze the cost- and investment-accounting systems of the operators and of the coal commission and find thirty-six items where, they say, cost and investment figures can be and are being inflated. They conclude that the operators' figures are unreliable, and that those reported by the Federal commission will be unreliable unless an accounting system drawn from the public rather than from the investors' point of view is adopted. They point out in passing that the commission will not report upon the enormous profits made during the shortage of 1922-23.

2. They insist that the anthracite industry is a public service, and that a permanent, standard, public accounting system should be enforced in it.

3. They agree with the Federal Trade Commission that for bookkeeping purposes the figures on investments should be obtained, and that they should be based on actual cost of prudent investment.

4. They go one step further and say that the investors' net total sacrifice should be found and used as a basis for fixing a fair return to the investors.

5. They propose two plans for financing the industry. The first is simply that 6 per cent on the investors' net total sacrifice be allowed the mining- and coal-land-leasing companies if and when earned. They say:

> Earnings in excess of this rate should be devoted to additions and betterments, lower prices, and better wages as conditions warrant. . . . In the case of coal-land companies, excess returns would go to decrease future royalty rates.

6. Finally, they offer an original plan for the liquidation of ownership, retiring outstanding claims over a period of fifty years.

Essentially, they propose to pay the investors for services rendered only during the period their services are needed, and then to discharge them. They estimate that this refunding plan would cost the public only twenty-eight cents a ton over a period of fifty years and then the capital charge would end, while under the present system the capital charges (depletion, interest, and profits) which averaged seventy-eight cents in 1918, 1919, and 1920, and are estimated at $1.40 in 1923, would go on indefinitely. This would mean a gain to the public of from fifty cents to a dollar on every ton mined.

The coal commission and Congress should give these careful plans and figures most earnest consideration. It would be a pity if their attention were turned by the sort of plausible trivialities which have led previous governmental committees so far astray from the source of trouble in the coal industry.

The anthracite industry is, as the miners say, a public service, and should be run as such. If the miners are right, as they seem to be, and the investors are receiving a return out of all proportion to their actual investment totals, it is high time that we set to the study of such approaches as this plan offers to better wages and cheaper coal.

History and Comedy

THE attack which Commissioner of Accounts Hirshfield, of New York City, is so doughtily delivering against certain school histories of America and the American people is undoubtedly amusing. Having examined the works of Professors David Saville Muzzey, Willis Mason West, Albert Bushnell Hart, Andrew C. McLaughlin, and others, the Commissioner is shocked; indeed he is aghast; he has discovered in them an international plot, and has caused Mayor Hylan to see these historians as the servants of an international money-power whose sinister purpose it is to reannex these United States to Great Britain.

Mr. Hirshfield protests against the "new and less patriotic accounts" of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War; he declares this new way of writing history to be "destructive of patriotic pride and deadening to patriotic spirit"; he finds that these writers "defame our American heroes" and "minimize the importance of the Declaration of Independence"; his honest blood boils to observe that such traditional slogans as "We have met the enemy and they are ours" or "Don't give up the ship" are either

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"omitted or discredited." He is very angry and feels very righteous and tilts his patriotic lance against the English-Speaking Union, the Pilgrim Society, and the National Security League, whose wicked emissaries he holds these professors to be. And he does that to the tune of forty thousand words.

There is, in all those forty thousand words, one observes, no single word concerning historic truth, objective vision, loyalty to fact. Mr. Hirshfield is apparently completely unconscious of the fact that he is not fighting propaganda in the name of truth, but simply wants "good" propaganda substituted for what he considers wicked propaganda. He wants history taught as if America won every battle in her history and every American was a blameless hero; he wants an American legend taught in the schools; he never for a moment rises to a vision beyond legend and beyond emotion.

He is, we repeat, very amusing. But we would not have the professors of history be too jaunty or too contemptuous or too amused. We find a priceless confirmation of the warning we would address to them in the telegram which Professor Willis Mason West of the University of Minnesota sent to New York: "I challenge Hirshfield to find a single disloyal assertion in my book." There is, evidently, no fundamental difference of outlook between Professor West and Mr. Hirshfield. What have the statements in an historical work to do with loyalty or disloyalty, what have they to do with anything except truth? How can truth be disloyal or loyal any more than it can be green or yellow?

No; we think the professors should be sobered rather than gay. Their chickens are coming home to roost. We knew a professor of European history who, in his seminar, taught what seemed to him historic truth until a certain day in the year 1917. From that day on he taught stuff on a level with the war editorials of the scavenger press in all countries. We seem to remember that other historians, historians of the highest eminence—are we quite wrong in fearing that even Mr. James Harvey Robinson was one of them?—in editions of their books issued during the war made alterations that had less to do with truth than with official pressure, war psychosis, and the exigencies of their publishers. We read that one of the historians who revised his books to suit the war mood a few years ago is rerevising them to please the 1923 prejudices of the New York board of education. Such historians have no right to blame poor Mr. Hirshfield for believing in legends concerning the will of Cecil Rhodes and British world dominance or for his interpretation of the furious pro-British snobbishness of certain social organizations. Did *they* resist the recruiting legends that the Kaiser was coming over here to make free Americans into Prussian slaves? Did they lift clear and unabashed voices against the atrocity-mongers? Are they today—historians and economists—rising to declare what all must know, that if France is not curbed, for her own sake no less than for the whole world's, the civilization of our ancestral continent is doomed? And yet they were and are the appointed and declared guardians of truth and of balanced and instructed judgment. Mr. Hirshfield and other sentimental citizens are but executing the villainy which the historians taught them. He is amusing; they are almost tragic. Like Professor West they substitute loyalty and disloyalty for historic truth and falsehood. Now the consequences are upon them. It will take years for the historians to live their history and their histories down.

Girls Will Be Ladies

IN the old days the great, wide, womanless West used to be popularly considered a haven for disappointed New England spinsters and other ladies seeking husbands—brave, masculine, chivalrous husbands who liked their ladies weak and their liquor strong. In these days of strong women and weak liquor, equally enticing prospects might be offered to the disappointed of the male sex by some of our women's colleges. Vassar, for example, might send out a prospectus urging its merits as a forcing ground for desirably old-fashioned wives. Those men who would like to find slippers and spouses waiting them in their appointed places when they reach home in the evening should read over the beguiling want ads put out by the Vassar senior class in the guise of opinions on life, love, matrimony, and wage-earning. These opinions will renew hope in all misogynist males who believe that the world is menaced by a horrid coalition of feminists and flappers and vampires. The young ladies of Vassar are none of these things. They aspire backward to the ways of their progenitors. They yearn—most of them—toward the joys of domesticity mildly tempered by a proper degree of civic consciousness. They are willing to admit—as all really nice girls should—the horrid possibility that spinsterhood may be their lot, but we gather that they will do their ladylike darnedest to see that it is not. They seem to have none of the sins of the younger generation and all of the virtues of the older. They forswear a career and vote for Coué. They have no time, we imagine, for either Susan B. Anthony or Cleopatra. They probably dislike Mencken, but he would like them.

Of course they are not all the same. In even the best of our colleges a little of the pudding slips out of the mold. One senior, for instance, sees as woman's "big problem" the task of "convincing the world that whatever work she undertakes is more than a prelude to matrimony, and insisting on wages on this basis." This is indeed the problem—more difficult of solution since her own college generation offers her so little help in meeting it. The majority of the Vassar seniors admittedly look upon whatever work they undertake as a mere stop-gap before they are "called" to the great and exclusive career of matrimony. They display an elderly attitude of tolerant incredulity toward the idea of combining marriage and independent work. But even if this dissenting senior must march alone we wish her all success in her perilous crusade.

As for the rest of the class, we are tolerant enough to wish them equal success. Modesty may persuade them that it is possible to fail, but we shall do our best for them by thus publicly urging their claims on the dominant, virile, unmarried men of their generation. However, we must be honest as well as chivalrous. The New England school teacher who sought in the great wide West protection and a trellis to cling to sometimes found herself in a remote ranch-house doing the cooking and washing for fifteen sweaty hay-hands. It is equally possible that the future husbands of the class of 1923 at Vassar may find themselves trudging home at night with bundles in their arms, an unmowed lawn, an unregenerate baby, and the burden of a depleted bank account waiting for them at the other end of the road. They may even yearn now and then for the ruder society of their feminist friends, or the allurements—innocent or otherwise—of flapper and movie vamp.

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Frank A. Munsey: Dealer in Dailies

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"LET MUNSEY KILL IT"—this is a slang phrase in the newspaper fraternity when report has it that some journal is nearing its end. "Good newspapers when they die go to Munsey," wrote that rare humorist, B. L. T., in the Chicago *Tribune*, while Mr. Brisbane in lamenting the recent deaths of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* and *Leader* asked: "Where was Frank Munsey? His is the original patent on killing newspapers. You say to him as Henry IV said to the bravest man in France: 'Hang yourself, Crillon, you were not there.'" Seven years ago *Life* printed a cartoon showing a cemetery of newspapers and magazines slain by Mr. Munsey. In it were tombstones to the memory of the New York *Daily News*, the New York *Sun*, and the *Daily Continent;* the Philadelphia *Times* and the New York *Press;* the *Scrap Book*, the *Quaker*, and the *Puritan*. To this list *Life* should have added *Godey's* and *Peterson's*, two of the oldest American magazines, as well as the Baltimore *Star*, *Woman*, the *Live Wire*, the *Junior Munsey*, and the *Cavalier*. Since the cartoon appeared Mr. Munsey has merged the *All-Story Magazine* with the *Argosy*, and given the *coup de grâce* to the *Railroad Man's Magazine*. As if this long list of dead were not enough to fill Mr. Munsey's newspaper cemetery he has just now brutally destroyed the New York *Globe*, the oldest daily in that city and the newsiest of the metropolitan evening papers. He has also sold the Boston *Journal*, the Washington *Times*, and quite recently, the Baltimore *American* and the Baltimore *News*. It has been common knowledge that he has also wanted to buy and chloroform the New York *Evening Post*, whose desperate struggle to keep alive he is presumably watching with the expectant eye of a man-eater awaiting a hapless bather whom he has cut off from the shore.

One might almost add to this mortuary record the New York *Herald*, for despite that newspaper's daily announcement that it is the "best in its history, with all that was best of the *Sun* intertwined with it and the whole revitalized," the truth is that the flavor of the *Herald* of the Bennetts has gone, as well as the strong character of the *Sun* of Dana. Both newspapers had their separate, widely varying identities; both had historic traditions. The combination of them is a hybrid. It is a far better, broader, fairer, and newsier daily than the narrow and mean-spirited *Tribune*—which is a sort of decayed Henry Cabot Lodge among dailies without such abilities as he possesses—but as the *World* prophesied at the time (February 1, 1920), the amalgamation has given us neither the *Herald* nor the *Sun*, and the profession is the loser thereby. The *Sun* of today is merely the former *Evening Sun*, organ of the tired and hard-boiled business man who is satisfied with the first page of news, excellent financial departments, and the theatrical advertising plus an editorial page one is never compelled to read.

The profession took the disappearance of the two most distinctive New York morning newspapers all the more to heart because most journalists were certain that both newspapers could have been restored to their old prestige even though the *Sun* had only 59,000 readers left and the *Herald* but 55,000. The truth is that Mr. Munsey is not popular in the profession—it is not hard to understand just why. True, he is no more an interloper than many another merchant who has made a great success in other lines—like Cyrus H. K. Curtis, for instance. There is nothing to say against Mr. Munsey personally. Some criticism, chiefly political, has, of course, been leveled against him. But it is a fact that he is not a popular employer with his employees, who change too frequently. It used to be asked on the Philadelphia *Times*, as on the *Herald* and *Telegram* under the second Bennett: "Well, who's editor today?" The critics say, too, that he has broken every rule of journalism; that he has never created a successful daily but only built up those which are now paying by amalgamations, by the suppressing of rivals, and by using already established newspaper reputations for his purposes.

The fact remains that Mr. Munsey is today successfully merchandising the *Sun*, *Herald*, and *Telegram* in New York, and that through these enterprises and others in the commercial field he has amassed great wealth. It was long believed that a good deal of this came from a fortunate placing of money in steel stocks. In his manly and straightforward but characteristically naive reply on August 28, 1922, to the published charges that he had made millions out of the war, that he was the worst kind of a war profiteer in munitions making, Mr. Munsey did not deny that he had been a successful investor in Wall Street prior to his entering daily journalism, but he did affirm positively that he owned no share of any Wall Street security, and did not at the outbreak of the war or during the war, and that he "had no connection, directly or indirectly, with any property or interest that lent itself to profiteering during or after the war." "I made no money whatever," he added, "directly or indirectly out of the war or anything associated with the war."

There is no reason to doubt the correctness of his statement. The great rise in steel stocks took place between 1903 and 1910 and he could easily have made a huge pile and put it away before the war came on. But the truth is that if he had never gone into Wall Street Mr. Munsey would still be a very rich man. He has published his net earnings from his magazine ventures from 1894 to 1907 inclusive.[1] They aggregated for these fourteen years $8,780,905.70—a sufficient reward to compensate most mortals for the labor put into them, tremendous as that was. True, Mr. Munsey did not state in this extremely interesting and self-revealing address how much money went into his private cemetery of unsuccessful publications, but a man who made more than a million a year from his magazines alone in 1905, 1906, and 1907, before we had the income tax, who has no expensive tastes and no wife or family, can afford a good deal of costly experimentation. More than that, not all the publications which Mr. Munsey has killed or sold were losing money. He is reported to have said more than once: "That paper is making only ——— a year. That's not worth while. I can't bother with it any longer. Kill it." This is all the more plausible because Mr. Munsey is an autocrat in his business affairs. He has never had a partner nor an all-dominant legal

[1] *The Story of the Founding and Development of the Munsey Publishing House; a Quarter of a Century Old.* By Frank A. Munsey. December, 1907.

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adviser nor a real board of directors to hamper him. He has never even found himself in the trying position of having to consider minority stockholders, and only those who have been placed in that position can realize the freedom which the Munsey way of doing business brings with it. He has no one but himself to blame if money is lost and no one else to congratulate if the money pours in. The drawback is, however, that this fortunate position tends to make one domineering, arbitrary, and trying to work with, in one's shop, and that is one of the charges made against Mr. Munsey.

Curiously enough, very few of the many people who have busied themselves with Mr. Munsey's money-making have learned where a large portion of his revenue comes from. He is one of the most successful grocery men in the country, for he owns the chain of Mohican Stores which are to be found in certain New York and New England cities. Some years ago a governor of New York appointed a commission to investigate the ever-pressing question as to why the public is mulcted of such large sums by the middleman who operates between the producer and consumer of foodstuffs. A member of that commission informed me that they found in Frank A. Munsey the ablest merchandiser of all those whom they investigated. That is, his Mohican Stores were run with a maximum of ability and a minimum of waste; in them was the most skilful handling of goods and the greatest marketing efficiency. In every case the stores are exceptionally well placed, both as to trade opportunities and the receipt of freight, and being on the "cash and carry" principle they are freed from the endless bookkeeping and bad debts which go with the system of charge accounts. No one can really take the measure of Munsey the journalist, without knowing of Munsey the merchant, for merchandising is the key to his journalism as it is an explanation of part of his honestly earned wealth.

Then before evaluating Munsey the journalist one must also study Munsey the magazine proprietor. If he takes a most ingenuous view of his own success and discusses it freely in public—he explained, in his statement already cited, that he owed his success to two things, "the forty dollars I brought with me from Maine to New York forty years ago, and the capacity God gave me for work"—is he not entitled to do this under all the historic American canons? In all seriousness, no one can read his story without being profoundly impressed by it. A restless, ambitious manager of the Western Union Telegraph office of Augusta, Maine, he risked his forty dollars and all he could borrow to come to New York to start a juvenile magazine. How he toiled, how he was his own office boy, bookkeeper, clerk, advertising solicitor, manager, editor, serial-story writer, and all the rest, he has set forth. He has a right to be proud that in the face of incredible obstacles, his total ignorance of all publishing, his lack of training and education for the task, his scant book knowledge, he succeeded in his aim—to publish and make money. They told me in Maine recently that he has employed a man to look up the family tree and to seek to deduce from it why he alone of all the Munsey tribe should so have achieved. That is an extravagance he can well afford. But the answer is his extraordinary pluck and determination—and the absence of embarrassing ideals and standards.

For the striking fact is that in his own narrative Mr. Munsey voices no ideal or aim save to succeed, to publish something, juvenile or adult, weekly or monthly, and to earn much money by so doing—he felt he could never return to Maine unless he did. There is not a drop of the reformer's blood in him; there is in him nothing that cries out in pain in response to the travail of multitudes. He was never a muckraker. He has espoused no cause with real fire and enthusiasm—he probably could not if he would. He has sought power to voice no idealism, to plead for no newer or a different day. His magazines are slight and ephemeral. No one will ever go to library shelves for them to find out what was their contribution to the literature, or politics, or science of the country. They are made to entertain and to sell and are perishable stuff. But in justice it must also be added that Mr. Munsey seems to be without personal ambitions. At least in a position to demand an ambassadorship ("I suppose," said Theodore Roosevelt of one New York editor who desired the London post, "he'll knife me if I do and knife me if I don't"), Mr. Munsey has asked no political reward. He does not splurge with his wealth nor offend the conventional moralities, nor use his papers to puff himself. He has apparently no hobbies or avocations. He is usually absolutely absorbed in his business, notably in the *Herald* which is his particular pride, and he is credibly reported to feel that his position as the head of several American dailies is fully as dignified as, if not more so than, that of the President of the United States. If he occasionally takes a trip to Europe he is nevertheless, it is said, the hardest working man in his offices. He personally directs all his dailies, and he is one of those unusual newspaper proprietors who understand the mechanical technique of making newspapers.

With this background we come to Mr. Munsey's journalism. What else could it be but that of the contented, prosperous *petite bourgeoisie?* It is dull, of course, because always without a spark of the divine fire. There is no editorial illumination, no vision, no passion, no real power, no quest of the millennium, because perhaps for the erstwhile manager of the Western Union office in Augusta, Maine, the millennium is pretty well here. Just as his wealth did not go to his head, so it has not betrayed him into tilting at established social customs. The conventional he supports and upholds because he knows nothing else. His papers reflect the mind of the average prosperous American and his narrow intellectual range. They are clean and respectable, both in their news columns and in their advertising. They are eminently safe, sane, and intellectually undistinguished.

Some of the editorials Mr. Munsey writes himself, and it is interesting to note that as he grows older he now and then becomes almost excited over some policy which he opposes. Thus he bravely fought the bonus for our returned soldiers, believing correctly that it would do them no appreciable good and the country much harm. A handsome pamphlet tells us that this is "Militant American Journalism" and announces that the fight of the *Herald* was "personally directed by Frank A. Munsey." Another pamphlet recites the *Herald's* most creditable fight against the Fordney tariff and reprints a number of excellent editorials. Its owner manfully says that he "cannot stand for damn-fool protectionism and the New York *Herald* will not stand for it"—which illustrates Mr. Munsey's willingness to part company now and then from the Republican Party—he is not supporting Mr. Harding in the President's appeal for our adherence to the new world court.

In the main, however, Mr. Munsey is a regular; he will

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not go back upon his own order sufficiently to disturb seriously his business friends. He desires plenty of foreign labor because "the wage of labor will never come down until the supply exceeds the demand." What we need in Washington is machinery which will "give service." America, he surprisingly finds, "has cut loose from the conservatism of our fathers and penetrated deep into the wilderness of radicalism!" Ere we recover from our amazement he adds: "This is true in our politics, in our statesmanship, in our social life, in our business life, in our point of view in all things." In this same address (before the American Bankers' Association) Mr. Munsey declared: "America is worth saving. If it is saved, it will be saved by you and by men like you. . . . Nothing succeeds without ownership interests in the management."

If this seems the apotheosis of the mechanistic, reform-your-organization-from-within creed of life, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Munsey and Mr. George W. Perkins were the two men who made it possible for Theodore Roosevelt to bolt from the Republican Party in 1912. He did not do so until they urged him to. To their largess, to their business acumen and skill in organization, the extraordinary "Bull Moose" achievements in the summer of 1912 are considerably due. Mr. Munsey was quite ready then to go "off the reservation" and to seek to reform the Republican Party from without. Lately he has seen clearly that the two old parties have had their day and he has been urging a union of them in order that the country should have the political line-up it desires and deserves—a liberal or radical party, and a conservative one. His growing interest in Senator Borah, as evidenced by the friendly attitude of his dailies toward the Senator from Idaho (though the Baltimore *American* before he sold it called Mr. Borah "an idealist without ideals"), is another sign that Mr. Munsey is still unafraid of a man who threatens to kick over the party traces. Mr. Munsey also favors one reform, direct election of the President and Vice-President, which is not popular with the group of which he sees most. Finally, no one can study the several positions he takes without wishing that Mr. Munsey could put in a couple of profitable years studying European political conditions, in reading deeply certain books which he has doubtless never touched, and in meeting all kinds and conditions of men at home and abroad. For there is so much that his press wots not of, and so much going on right here at home which his reporters never see and his editors apparently never hear!

Some day a Cook's Tour into the hearts of plain America ought surely to be organized for a few hundred of our editorial writers. Mr. Munsey has himself said "it is clearly more important that the newspapers should study deeply and seriously the needs of the poor, rather than the needs of the rich," but his editors have obviously never taken his advice. The poor are *terra incognita* to them.

Meanwhile Mr. Munsey's dailies remain on the whole as conventional and insular in every phase of life as they are respectable. Yet when I hear them severely criticized I have to confess that if a choice were necessary I should infinitely prefer them to the New York *Times* or *Tribune* or the Chicago *Tribune*. Despite their reactionary or standpat tendencies, Mr. Munsey's papers are surely far less hurtful than Mr. Hearst's. In so huge a country as this every shade of opinion ought to have its mouthpiece. Ought we not to be thankful that Mr. Munsey's conservative press is as good as it is? It is free from hatred and from bitterness; it treats an adversary with respect, and it carries on no campaigns against personalities—that is not Mr. Munsey's nature. Barring the *Telegram* his newspapers are not sensational. They usually do not straddle—that is if they have no clear opinions about an issue they keep silent about it. If they are "organs of the Steel Trust," as many declare, and the "apotheosis of Main Street," they are also home papers and they evidently are meant to be reasonably free from propaganda. If they are without the ability of the London *Morning Post*, foremost of conservative dailies, and without its "punch," they are also without its snobbishness or arrogance. They are class organs, of course, as much so as our class-conscious labor dailies; but their attitude is less a deliberate assumption of policy than a reflection of what Mr. Munsey himself is.

As to the circulation of his dailies, it is undeniably sinking slowly, the *Herald* having lost 32,000 readers in the last two years (1921-1923) and the *Sun* 28,000 in the last three years. The *Herald* had on April 1, 1923, 167,620 readers daily and 186,075 on Sunday, while the *Sun* averaged 177,934 in the evening. That scarlet trollop, the *Telegram*, for some utterly mysterious reason sells 111,000, about the same number as when Mr. Munsey purchased it. There is a curious fact about the *Telegram*. When Mr. Munsey bought it, it had been losing money chiefly because of its association with the *Herald* in their joint enterprise in the Herald Building at Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street. It was supposed that the new owner would electrocute it. Mr. Munsey promptly divorced it from the *Herald*, moved it to inconspicuous quarters, and presto! it began making money. It is doing so well that Mr. Munsey long ago gave up his idea of killing it to obtain its Associated Press membership for the *Sun;* hence, his destruction of the *Globe*.

Such an extraordinary success as Mr. Munsey has made in the magazine field will never be his in newspaperdom. He was able to claim in 1907 that *Munsey's Magazine* was then the first magazine in the world in point of circulation and earning power. His newspapers are far, far from the front rank in circulation or income. For instance, the *Herald* carried in 1922, 11,947,256 agate lines of advertising as compared to the *World's* 17,244,090 and the *Times's* 24,142,222. The *Sun* ranks better; it printed in 1922, 9,620,816 lines as compared with the *Evening World's* 8,673,406, the *Evening Journal's* 11,789,500, and the *Globe's* 7,306,734. Mr. Munsey has various opportunities to expand largely the influence of the *Herald*, but it is doubtful whether he will see the need or the opportunity, by way of example, for a factual newspaper. The liberal field, too, calls loudly for the viewpoint of one who not only indorsed but really believed in the planks of the Progressive platform. Mr. Munsey will hardly respond. The inhibitions of the publisher's early training and of his financial success rest upon him and block an unquestionably warm and honest desire to serve his country effectively.

The fatal defect of Mr. Munsey as a journalist was admirably illustrated by his public statement of his reasons for destroying the *Globe*. That was a purely commercial and materialistic statement such as might have been made about the consolidation of two boot and shoe stores. It was without the slightest recognition that there are such things as journalistic ideals, or public service, or the nobility of a great profession, or that *noblesse oblige*—and wealth as well. Mr. Munsey is a dealer in dailies—little else and little more.

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Half News

(*The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

I PICK out the strikingest streaks from a long interview given to me by a great statesman; and I lay these streaks end to end on a telegraph wire to go out east and west and south and north in clicking competition with similar streaks similarly selected from the dying speeches of gunmen about to be hanged and from the matrimonial observations of murderesses about to be remarried.

Telegraph editors receive these competing offerings and proceed to commit further acts of surgical selection upon them in considerable disregard of the feelings of the public. If the conversation of the mass of the electorate in its homes and clubs were taken as the sole guide of editorial conduct, no telegraph desk would print more than one streak of talk from a statesman in balance against a hundred streaks of talk from criminals. In practice (such is supercilious superiorness of journalism) the statesman is often raised to two streaks, or three, or five, and the criminals brought down to ninety or eighty.

In any case, however, the result is streaks, excerpts, samples. An age which demands reports of the doings and sayings of financiers, explorers, athletes, archaeologists, psychoanalysts, actors, bandits, boll-weevil exterminators, Shriners, marathon dancers, jockeys, sugar brokers, etchers, violinists, foreign-trade promoters, steeplejacks, and statesmen cannot read the speeches of statesmen in full. It gets its final impression of a statesman by somehow or other adding together a toe of him which I sent out on a certain day, and a piece of his elbow already dispatched by a colleague of mine, and a wisp of his hair communicated later by some other colleague, who in order to fill out a story needed a wisp ten words long.

I am moved to these lamentations over the public's sad state and mine by reflecting upon the grief which the inexperienced new Governor of Colorado and the inexperienced new United States Senator from Colorado were recently surprised to find themselves encountering. The Governor of Colorado had given himself out to be a quite advanced person. He then appointed Mr. Alva B. Adams to be United States Senator. From Mr. Adams thereupon, in an Associated Press dispatch, as printed in (for instance) the New York *Times*, there appeared an interview in which the following (and no other) principles were asserted:

Private ownership of railroads. Repeal of the Railroad Labor Board. Enforcement of prohibition. Effective military preparedness. Rejection of La Follette's foreign policies. American membership in the League of Nation's Court.

The dispatch which conveyed these streaks from Mr. Adams said also and logically that Mr. Adams was a conservative.

A few days later I happened to meet Governor Sweet in Chicago. I asked him to tell me something about Mr. Adams. I perceived that I had touched on a subject of the tenderest and most sensitive concern to him.

"You've read the dispatch about Adams in the Eastern papers?" he said. "I have," I said. "I thought so," said he, "and I came prepared to answer questions like yours. Wait a minute till I go to my room and get a clipping."

He returned with the clipping and bestowed it upon me. It was from the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*. It consisted of an interview from Mr. Adams, signed by Mr. Adams. From it for the hasty benefit of the readers of this letter I now select the following streaks:

> I consider myself a progressive. . . . The intervention of the state has today become necessary to preserve the freedom of the individual. . . . The government should prevent working conditions which are destructive of the welfare of the worker. . . . I believe in a minimum wage as a first charge upon industry. . . . I am opposed to any legislative or court action which prohibits labor's right to strike except in a time when there may be actual danger to public life or health. . . . I believe absolutely in the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of labor's own choosing. . . . Some provision can be and should be made to prevent the burden of unemployment from falling so heavily on employees out of work. . . . I favor a return to the principle of the excess-profits tax. . . . I still believe in the First Amendment to the Constitution which guarantees the right of free speech and assemblage. Any other interpretation of our laws is contrary to the most fundamental American principles.

Judged by these streaks, the new Senator from Colorado will be an expanding surprise to the readers of the first dispatch about him in the New York *Times*.

I found myself surprised also by Governor Sweet. From such streaks of him as I had noticed in dispatches I had expected him to look like Bill Haywood. He looks in fact like a regular occupant of the speaker's table at a chamber of commerce bust-the-union-and-save-the-republic banquet.

He has spent most of his adult life being an investment banker. His father, however, was, and is, a Marxian socialist. He himself, however, has been inclined toward capitalistic business and toward coming to his economic views not through the Marxian philosophy but through the church. He took part in framing an industrial program for the religious denomination to which he belongs. He has labored in the vineyard of the Y.M.C.A. He does not talk the talk of class against class. On the contrary he especially enjoys recounting his experiences as host to combined groups of representatives of labor and representatives of capital who never previously had exchanged fraternal cigars. I take him to be a person who believes in class reconciliation—between classes equalized in human dignity.

To date—and without alleging that all the streaks needed have yet been accumulated—I should say that both Governor Sweet and Senator Adams are what the socialists of Europe would call "bourgeois liberals." I fear that Senator Adams is not a reactionary. I fear that Governor Sweet is not a Red. I fear, thank God, that the total of each of them will leave this country what it always in the long run has been: a country without any coherent economic philosophy, going forward by snatches of light from an inward democratic fellowship which shows at one moment in the dances of Shriners on the pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington and at another moment in the proletarian and capitalistic reunions in Governor Sweet's reception room in Denver.

Little by little, along the telegraph wires, in competition with earls who are trying to marry chorus girls of their own choosing, this apparent truth, if a truth, will at last arrive whole. There are so many reporters.

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Around Robin Hood's Barn

By WITTER BYNNER

He had been on an errand. And when he came back,
In order not to be given the sack,
He had to present the conventional yarn
And put his employers off the track;
He really had been around Robin Hood's barn.

His errand was selling particular bonds
To particular patrons and taking commands
And earning commission and salary too.
But when maples were magic and willows were wands—
Although an American, what could he do?

He had started to find Mr. Thingamajig,
An excellent buyer, in spite of his wig.
But, taking beforehand a spin in the park,
Anthony found himself wanting to dig
With two little children—a curious lark.

The spade was a plaything. But, digging by turns
At the edge of a rock in a cluster of ferns,
They opened the way and descended, as though
It were one of their usual daily concerns
To continue as far as a tunnel might go.

And that's how they happened on people and found
That time travels right-about under the ground:
It was Merrie Olde England, no question at all.
So they tiptoed along without making a sound
Till they came to a gate at the end of a wall—

And almost went in, for they noticed a tree
And they counted one thousand six hundred and three
Of the trimmest red cherries, enough for the trio;
But someone exclaimed what they thought was "Dear me!"
Though the somebody really had said "Dio mio!"

Behind them, unnoticed, a monk had arrived;
And Anthony, listening closely, contrived
To interpret the fact, though the fellow looked shabby,
That he and four others had somehow survived
The Alps and the Channel, to visit an Abbey.

And up stood a building the cherries had hidden.
And just as the trio decided, as bidden,
To go on their way without even a bite,
A man, on a horse that had surely been ridden,
With reins in his left hand and bow in his right,

Jumped over the wall from the road and then peered
At the heels of the monk he so slightly revered
And announced—"I am Robin Hood. Enter and eat!"
And he whistled and shot seven monks through the beard
And the abbot as well, without leaving his seat.

There were orchards and vineyards and cellars and stores
Of everything edible. "All of it yours!"
Said Robin Hood, easily, drinking some wine
And breaking in windows and opening doors.
"You're welcome," he said, "to this abbey of mine."

They entered it gladly. They never had seen
Clothing on anyone nearly so green,
Nor friendlier manners than Robin Hood had.
"I mean what I say and I say what I mean,"
He said and he meant. So of course they were glad.

"The barn is mine too," he remarked, as they ended
Consuming three times the amount they intended.
But they never looked into it, being so full,
Though Anthony thought that a monk was offended
Who stood in a doorway considering wool.

They just walked around it to find their way out.
And they tried to thank Robin Hood. "Yes? What about?"
Was all he would answer and galloped away. . . .
The adventure had happened, beyond any doubt;
Yet what in the world could poor Anthony say?

He said he had heard of a probable buyer
(The world was to blame that an excellent liar
Had taken the place of an excellent youth)
And had chased him and missed him and punctured a tire
(Who really would rather have told them the truth).

How Pittsburgh Returned to the Jungle

By HANIEL LONG

THE story of how Pittsburgh returned to the jungle may or may not have a moral; but it is a curious example of the effect of legislation on a modern city. One spring a millionaire nurseryman, lobbying for his private gain, and in league with a manufacturer of window-boxes, was clever enough to attach to a popular piece of legislation a rider which had nothing to do with the measure in question and which favored abundantly his own business. This rider made it compulsory for every Pittsburgher who owned or rented a window to have a window-box, to have a window-box indeed for every window. In the confusion which prevails at the close of a tiresome session, the State legislature passed the bill without noticing the rider, and in due course it became a law.

The millionaire nurseryman, who had a monopoly of the sale of seeds and flowers in his city, saw to it that the officers proceeded to enforce the law. At once there was loud outcry. The owners of skyscrapers balked. They were joined by the owners of factories and by the private corporations. The governor sent a special representative to take charge of the situation, and a number of property owners were arrested. Their friends brought the case into court, but they were defeated. The judge, it was whispered, had a private fondness for flowers; and he was known to have said that the law was no more unreasonable than most laws. The property owners appealed the case.

Meanwhile the nurseryman and the box-maker were busy spreading propaganda. Naturalists and platform orators of note appeared mysteriously in the city to lecture on behalf of flowers. A great musician publicly praised the law. So did a well-known evangelist. The national association of women's clubs hired an investigator, and on the strength of his report came out flatly in the cause of window-boxes. Here and there in downtown windows flowers began to

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appear. An instinctive liking for their color and fragrance, in the hearts of stenographers, abetted the design. It introduced a new interest and source of rivalry, and also a new reason for looking out of the window.

The supreme court upheld the law, and the manufacturer of window-boxes quadrupled his plant and operated it day and night. The face of the skyscrapers began to turn green. Bitter-sweet, honeysuckle, climbing hydrangea, and even grape-vines crawled along the surfaces of white tile and red brick, and ran up and down little trellises. The presence in their season of jonquils and anemones, of pansies, larkspur, and iris, of peonies and dahlias, of asters and chrysanthemums wrought an indescribable change in the deep canyons. This change was not in color only; the flowers attracted insects, especially bees, and many varieties of birds. Every traffic policeman put a neat little bird-box on his Stop and Go signal, for purple martins. Stone valleys where hitherto had sounded only the noise of vehicles were now filled with the humming of insects and the call of birds. There was a steady murmur high in air.

The vines grew longer year by year, and hung in the air or were shorn close about the windows. Flowers flared in many new varieties. Visitors were struck by the astounding novelty of the sight, and reports of a new wonder filled the world. Pictures of Pittsburgh in wistaria season or in the time of the gladiolus appeared in movies everywhere, and were marveled at by millions. The city hitherto notorious as being devoted to naked industry was now featured on all American tours for this different reason, and became the mecca of the recently married, of sightseers disappointed in Niagara, of collectors, ornithologists, botanists, and searchers of the exotic.

A great new revenue came thus to the town. That portion of humanity which makes its living on the traveler began to exercise its influence in the business life of the City of Steel. Hotels of mammoth proportions went up on tier after tier of leisurely gardens to heights of over sixty stories. It was well known how wonderful were the hanging gardens of Pittsburgh; they contained trees and lakes, and paths which wound for miles to and fro over green chasms. Awnings of white and orange covered wide roofs, and all winter through the sun flashed on the glass walls which protected the flowers.

In the meantime, and not altogether from the invasion of window-boxes, the city lost its industrial prestige. It had had a long and bitter struggle with competitors younger than itself but more favorably situated for manufacturing. Gary, Pueblo, and Birmingham were like young Titans who proved too strong for their giant father. When the time came that it was no longer expedient to maintain the larger furnaces, Pittsburgh awoke to find its beauty its chief source of livelihood.

Certain skyscrapers, now without tenants, were given over unreservedly to horticulture. Then in deadly earnest did the jungle set out to conquer the city of ravines and gulches. Little by little its tide ran over the abandoned mills in the river valleys, softening their angular roofs, and turning the cupolas into amazing sights. The river bridges were fairer than the bridges of vision.

The air grew clearer. No smoke was permitted; electric locomotives only penetrated the city. The roads and highways were banked with shrubs and blossoms. If the wind blew in the right direction, the citizens of Youngstown, or of Morgantown, of Cleveland even, could smell the fragrance of Pittsburgh from afar. It seemed to them strange and fabulous as it overpowered the sulphur dioxide to which they were accustomed, and they would say to one another, "O to be in Pittsburgh, in beautiful Pittsburgh!"

The population of the city changed its nature. Anglo-Saxons decreased. But thousands and thousands of gardeners were needed to produce those floral effects which men talked of from Cape Town to Tibet; and the children of the immigrants found gardening much to their taste. A new sort of industry which specialized in the by-products of flowers established itself, and the government converted Neville Island into an experiment station. The colleges of the city substituted botany and zoology for metallurgy.

As to the millionaire nurseryman who was the unwitting cause of so complete a transformation, his was a singular fate. The unforgiving corporations pursued him relentlessly; and though they found themselves powerless to check the movement he had started, they had their revenge—they convicted him of bribery and corrupt practices. Rather than go to prison he committed suicide, clasping to his bosom a bouquet of white roses. The passing of years changed him into a symbolic figure, a martyr and a saint. The visitor to Pittsburgh marvels at the beautiful memorial to his memory down at the Point, where the two sky-blue rivers mingle under his unseeing marble eyes to make the Ohio, that river which, as the poets of Louisiana say, flows south to them from a city of unfading flowers.

Bolshevism and Art

By HELENE ISVOLSKY

ART is still alive in Russia. In Moscow and Petrograd theaters, lectures, conferences, concerts of both classic and popular music daily attract crowds of spectators and listeners. The scarcity of paper throughout Europe is most acutely felt in Russia, yet thousands of volumes of prose and poetry, editions of art and books of popularized science are published and read. The workingman, whom the revolution has emancipated, takes an earnest and active interest in artistic manifestations. Popular theaters, schools of poetry and music have been founded throughout Russia. It is premature to say whether these centers of proletarian culture will prove fruitful so far as creative genius is concerned, but they seem to indicate that the Russian masses are far from being iconoclasts; they have approached art not only with great respect but also with real sympathy and comprehension. Their good taste, their eagerness to learn and understand, their deference toward those who are willing to instruct them are undeniable; if all social tradition seems to have departed from Russia under the spur of revolutionary fanaticism, artistic tradition has lost nothing of its influence.

THE STAGE

The Russian public is an eager amateur of dramatic art, and theatrical life has always been intense in Russia. The revolution has been a great factor in the democratization of the theater and has greatly increased the demand for plays and pageants. Throughout the darkest days of anarchy and civil war the theaters never closed their doors, and it is truly astonishing to read in the Russian papers the accounts of dramatic productions newly staged and the announcements of the opening of new theaters. The choice of plays is extremely varied—comedy, tragedy, musical drama,

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Shakespeare, the ballet, and the music-hall program are all eagerly appreciated. Most interesting, however, is the work accomplished by the famous Moscow Art Theater and its studios, as well as by two distinguished stage managers, Tayrov and Meyerhold.

Long before the revolution the Moscow Art Theater had accomplished the most remarkable results, and its realistic productions had influenced most European stages. It is generally known that its founders, Stanislawski and Nemirovich Dantchenko, had raised an energetic protest against the obsolete methods of the traditional drama and thus succeeded in reviving intelligent acting, tasteful staging, and true dramatic conceptions. During the revolution the Moscow Art Theater lost a certain number of its actors who fled abroad and there created an independent stage; but a small group succeeded in keeping together in Russia under the guidance of Stanislawski, Dantchenko, and the famous actor Katchalov, and have thus been able to continue their work. Founded in 1897, the aim of the Moscow Art Theater has been realism; and ever since this brilliant stage has observed the realistic tradition. However, realistic or naturalistic tendencies seem to be on the decline in new Russia, and a small theater, the Kamerny, created by Tayrov, is now making a curious attempt of conventional staging as a reaction against naturalism, a reaction inspired by cubism and other advanced doctrines of art; both costumes and scenery have been designed by an architect; the scenery is composed of geometrical figures in three dimensions and the costumes are made of a stiff, bulky material, which makes the actors look like sculptural figures. The Kamerny Theater has produced plays by Shakespeare, Racine, and Claudel.

In prerevolutionary days the Moscow Art Theater had founded a number of so-called studios where plays were produced in a more intimate atmosphere than on the actual stage. These studios partook more of the character of the workshop than of the theater and were precious laboratories where new dramatic methods were patiently evolved. The studios are at the present time making an attempt to blend the methods of their venerable parent, the Moscow Art Theater, with the bolder doctrines of Tayrov and the Kamerny. Last but not least must be mentioned Meyerhold's interesting activity. Before the revolution this famous stage manager had exercised a deep influence both in Russia and abroad. Meyerhold, who for a couple of years had worked with the Moscow Art Theater, soon founded, with the aid of the actress Komissargowska, an independent dramatic movement. He too had by then forsaken the naturalistic doctrine; in fact, he began to consider theatrical productions not only as founded on necessary conventions but as a sacred symbol disclosing the deepest mysteries of life which should be approached religiously. He then sought to create a veritable communion between actors and audience, to "bring the stage over to the audience." In order to obtain this result he suppressed the footlights, so that the actors, descending from the stage, could mingle freely with the audience. Plays were improvised on the stage, and the text of a written drama was often altered to suit the actors' moods.

The "democratization of the theater" which was brought about by the revolution greatly encouraged Meyerhold's task. He can now pursue his experiments on a truly important scale and enter into close contact with large popular masses. Forty thousand spectators attended his play recently produced in an open-air theater in Petrograd, and he often encourages the audience, mostly composed of workmen and soldiers, to mount on the stage and take their share in the performance.

It is as yet difficult to judge how far these experiments have proved successful, but they will certainly be worth studying as the first serious attempt to create a popular theater on a large scale.

Painting

A series of art exhibitions in Moscow, Berlin, and Paris amply testify to the fact that Russian painting is in full development. A certain number of painters who left Russia before or during the revolution are now working abroad and have won great success, especially at the art exhibition held in Paris under the name of *Mir-Iskousstwa* (the art world). These painters are Rorich, Jakowlev, Larionov, Gontcharova, Grigoriev, Stelletzki, Sorine, Remisov, and Sudeikin. Another group of artists whose fame dates from the prerevolutionary period, such as Kustodiev, Benoua, Grabar, Levitan, Korowine, have remained in Russia and their pictures now shown in Berlin convey a vivid impression of beauty, power, and imagination. Reproductions of these pictures, as well as of the work of Russian painters abroad, have been published by the art journal *Jar Ptitza*, edited in Berlin.

A movement has recently been started in Russia by the school of "technical utilitarianism," based on the negation of pure art in the name of industrialism. According to this doctrine pure art has in our day become obsolete and the present century must glory not so much in its artistic as in its industrial achievements. The creations of industry appear as the very expression of modern genius, and in these modern man must seek his inspiration. A steamer, an iron bridge, a powerful factory are in their way as beautiful and imposing as were the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. A brilliant Russian critic, Ilia Ehrenburg, has recently published a book in which this doctrine is elucidated, and such painters as have accepted it have given up actual painting and are now occupied with complicated drafts and geometrical figures, which appear as the post-development of cubism. Tatlin, an engineer, working on similar lines, has exhibited in Russia and in Germany the model of a colossal building made of iron and glass which is to measure 500 meters more than the Eiffel Tower.

Literature

Before the revolution Russian literature was particularly flourishing; suffice to mention the famous books of Tolstoi and Dostoevski, the more recent writings of Gorki and Mereszkowski, and the works of an important group of poets, such as Viatcheslaw Iwanov, Block, Goumilov, Balmont, Achmatowa, Volochin, etc. Under the first blows of the revolution, literary circles were dispersed, and their members doomed to live through a painful period of obscurity, physical hardship, and exile. Indeed, the four most celebrated and mature Russian writers—Mereszkowski (the author of "Leonardo da Vinci"), Bunin, Kuprin, and Count Alexis Tolstoi, as well as a number of minor authors, took refuge abroad and are now working on various newspapers and magazines issued in Paris and Berlin in the Russian language. And Maxim Gorki, who played such an important part during the first years of bolshevism, is now living in Finland. Generally speaking, it may be said that the Russian prose writers are nearly all at present working in foreign lands. Not so the poets, who

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have either remained in Russia, or, even if abroad, are in close touch with their country. This fact seems to prove once again that poetry is the universal language which will always appeal to human nature, however tragic the circumstances under which it is born. Indeed, there has never been such a demand for lyrics in Russia as in the present day.

Maxim Gorki, who for a long time was a member of the Bolshevik Government, exerted all his power to support and protect Russian men of letters as well as artists and scientists. These, who were considered by certain bolshevik leaders as members of the bourgeoisie and therefore "undesirable" in a Communist society, found in Gorki a faithful and devoted champion. In order to organize Russia's intellectual forces Gorki created three cooperative associations known under the name of Universal Literature, the House of Art, and the House of Science. These associations centralized the works of distinguished Russian authors, artists, and scholars, bought and published important literary documents, encouraged beginners, and provided a means of material subsistence for intellectual workers. Whatever Gorki's faults and blunders may have been, he has done a great deal to save Russian culture from destruction and has always frankly opposed such bolshevik measures as were directed against the intellectual class in the community.

Foremost among the poets who continued their work in Russia under the Red regime we must mention Alexander Block, whose premature death in 1921 was deplored throughout Russia as that of one of the greatest and finest spirits of the age. Block had long been a favorite with the literary and cultivated public, but his last poems written during the revolution have made him known to the larger masses of the people. These poems appear, indeed, as the most powerful expression of this troubled and dramatic period and seem to reflect the very soul and mystery of the Russian crisis.

A school of extremely advanced poets has recently sprung up under the name of Imaginists. Most interesting among these are Mayakowski, Kliouiev, and Essenine.* Another interesting movement has been created by the so-called proletarian group—chiefly composed of workmen—which has already given a series of curious poems inspired by factory life; uncouth and primitive as these poems may appear, they give an impression of energy and enthusiasm which is extremely bracing. One might say indeed that the chief characteristic of modern Russian poetry appears to be a certain healthy crudeness. The romantic strain and the morbid turn of mind which characterized earlier Russian literature seem to have entirely disappeared. Whether the shock of reality was so great as to crush forever the too delicate fruits of imagination, or whether the revolution has created a new type of individual, who can say? But the fact remains that the Russian soul seems to have acquired a new vitality, a rougher and yet healthier conception of life.

Such poems as Essenine's or Mayakowski's may shock the unprepared reader by the directness and boldness of their language, and they certainly lack that charm and gracefulness which adorned previous Russian poetry. Yet these new poems exercise a fascination of their own, for they bear the stamp of sincerity, they throb with hope, courage, and youthfulness.

* Essenine has recently married Isadora Duncan.

Education—Ritual or Adventure?*

By WALTON HAMILTON

FOUR years ago you men of the class of 1923 came to us. You asked us for many things—wisdom, learning, culture, power, and ideals. You told us your desires very vaguely; for you felt that we had something to give you, but you could not quite express your feeling in words.

Among the things for which you asked us is freedom. We told you that we could not bestow upon you the gifts of freedom; that you must win them for yourself; that at most we could only help you to find yourselves and your world. We tried to help you to freedom through an educational program. Every program that is worth formulating rests upon a theory; and in a democratic land like America, where each man is his own educational expert, the number of these is legion. But differ as they may in content, in method, in instrument, in what not, all of these are mere variations of one or another of two basic theories of education. One is the theory that education is a ritual. The other is the theory that education is an adventure.

The theory that education is a ritual is a venerable, a comfortable doctrine. Those who preach it talk most about giving to college men "the truth" and about subjecting them to "discipline." Lessons are administered in clear-cut "assignments" by the teacher to "the pupil." The student is a novice who does not know, who cannot judge, who must docilely do the tasks prescribed for him. The teacher is a master, an adept in all the mysteries of a priestcraft. He sets to the learner lessons, proceeding from the simple to the complex, arranged in a beautifully symmetrical system, and set down as a series of eternal verities which can be printed in italics.

To the ritualist the choice of studies for a curriculum is all important. None must be admitted which does not meet the requirements of "the great ceremonial." A course of study must include only subjects whose results can be easily checked up and which are sure to impart "discipline." The ritualist, therefore, has a preference for studies which require of the student intellectual processes of a simple mechanical kind. He has a strong aversion for courses which call out all the student's powers and enable him to reveal his personality. To him such ventures in learning do not possess the established and articulate character which he demands of classroom truth. . . .

The errors underlying the theory of education by ritual are many and easily discerned. Teaching has too many uncertainties to become a priestcraft, and life is too muddled to be reduced to "the great ceremonial." The obedient doing of ritualistic exercises in college is not a magical process that guarantees the "good life" outside the sacred walls. The cosmic truths set down boldly in the textbooks offer verity in abundance; but somehow they seem out of place when put alongside the problems with which the alumnus is confronted. Docility, blind trust in the teacher, faith in the efficacy of marks, and irrelevant drudgery are not the stuff of which free men are made. Such qualities as industry, honesty, accuracy, and purpose, when established in such an artificial way, fail to take real and unob-

* An address to the senior class of Amherst College.

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trusive places in a character that battles with the stubborn problems of a modern world. An honesty in passing back what has been taken from text or professor is a hollow mockery compared with the honesty that lies in disinterested intellectual inquiry.

For these reasons education by ritual gives slavery to those who cry for freedom. The man who has been habituated to doing what another says cannot choose worthwhile things for himself to do. The man who has fallen into the habit of accepting opinions upon authority cannot form opinions for himself. The man who thrills over the conclusions as recorded in a textbook cannot determine what to do when he can find no statement in italics to guide him. And the greatest tragedy of all is that those who are enslaved by ritual—since they have never known freedom—do not perceive the nature of their own bondage. They would willingly and deliberately, even joyously and religiously, force upon others the shackles which hold their thought and action in bondage. Ritualists, like every other species of God's creatures, bring forth intellectual offspring after their own kind.

The other theory, that of education as an adventure, requires few words. Its concern is that a student should get interested in a problem and follow that problem wherever it may lead him. Its appeal is to the student, not to the docile pupil. It holds that no one can teach, that the teacher can only help the student to learn for himself. It is too conscious of the complexity of the world to believe that absolute truth can ever be surprised and is content with tentative statements. It sees the world of knowledge as far too full of a number of things to believe that any bit of content, like the laws of magnetism or those of Hammurabi, is essential to a liberal education. Its methods are those of honest and joyful inquiry, from tentative statement through many hazards to tentative statement. It builds up sound intellectual habits by making their formation an essential part of an honest adventure into learning. That is why education by adventure secures from willing students double the amount of work given to education by ritual, and that with never a word about discipline from teacher or student. In brief, education as an adventure aims to lead students to think by allowing them to think, to acquaint them with themselves by allowing them to see their living selves, to show them the world by allowing them to discover the world, to make them free by helping them to master themselves. . . .

This is the gospel of freedom down the ages. Trust in your intelligence rather than in ritual. Act in the spirit of the fathers rather than live up to their words. One generation of Puritans forged Puritanism out of a living struggle in a real England. Another generation of Puritans enslaved themselves by learning Puritanism by rote from the lips of their New England fathers. Malthus was no Malthusian and Karl Marx thanked his God that he was no Marxian. If he were alive today Jefferson would be no extreme individualist; Adam Smith would write no book to expound the virtues of laissez-faire; and Jeremy Bentham would not pledge himself to an unqualified utilitarianism. . . .

As men who know their own world and who command themselves, you must keep Amherst a place where students can find for themselves and for their fellow-men freedom. This is the way, the only way, in which you can keep the faith with the real, the genuine old Amherst.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been motoring lately, not in his own car—for he is old-fashioned when it comes to vehicles, and prefers either his two feet or a public conveyance—but in a friend's; and he has had excellent opportunities for observing traffic policemen. Even from the curb he used to respect these personages vastly, and now from a seat beside the driver his veneration has increased. Manifestly no member of society wields a simpler and surer power, or wields it with less affectation. The old despotic phrase, "with a wave of the hand," was little more than figurative before the traffic cop arrived; now it is a literal fact, and it is not all disturbing.

* * * * *

FOR one thing, the hand that is waved at crossings is a placid hand, calm no doubt from competence—not to speak of complete authority. All day long a hundred eyes are upon its owner. Limousines, runabouts, and trucks rumble and rattle and smoke impatiently to cross the line. But he at his post remains deliberate, in no way conscious apparently that people exist in the world with a passionate anxiety to get somewhere. He turns and beckons to a push-cart on the side-street, letting it pass beneath his nose with no less and no more tolerance than he will soon bestow upon the great cars waiting for the whistle. Perhaps an old woman with a shawl is hesitating at the edge of the sidewalk. She can come too, quite at her own pace; and it would not be strange if he shouted reassurance to her, or offered a jest that made her look up and laugh as she stepped in front of a mammoth plumber's truck. Probably he knows her well, for he knows all the inhabitants of the section who are either very old or very young. If it is a few minutes before nine in the morning, or a few minutes after three in the afternoon, a procession of children from the nearby public school comes carelessly along. The boys call him names as they dodge by, the girls swing their skirts in total unconcern both of him and of the traffic. Then his whistle—and on the motors roar to points uptown.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has often speculated as to whether the ultimate might of that hand resides in its size or in the trivial fact that it wears a white cotton glove. The size—always immense, doubtless by prescription of the police department—is important. Yet who can calculate the loss if it were its own natural red, the color of pavement-bricks and the adjacent stores? How many fewer eyes would find it and obey? At least in one instance the uncased hand was a failure. The Drifter remembers well. He was seated in a small restaurant off an avenue when the largest traffic policeman he had ever seen entered. He seemed to dominate the place. The waitresses gathered at his table for orders, and the proprietor came near with a nod. When the beef and potatoes were set before him the policeman drew off his gloves and ate enormously. But his feet displaced a dog that had been sleeping under the table, and as the animal walked away he held a piece of meat for him to take. The dog was indifferent. He pushed it further toward him, whistled, coaxed, and commanded. The dog was bored. The officer gave up and went on eating. He had been ignored, perhaps for the first time in his career. Could he say "go" and "stop," but not "come"? Or was the law helpless, being bare-handed?

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Why Ford *Should* Be President

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a liberal's criticism of a liberal, I am not satisfied with your reasons why Ford may not be President; it sounds too much like the reactionary, conventional, or high-brow viewpoint. You try to show him as irresponsible and inconsistent, and, from a pacifist viewpoint, you practically join the clamor against the most striking pacifist gesture of all modern history; you only stop a little short of presenting the standard Wall Street objections to Ford.

It is conceded that Ford has vision in his own and collateral businesses; in my opinion he has proved that he has it in business generally. You ignore the common-sense fact that the government is just "big business," and that if we have a real one hundred percenter, a dollar-a-day man who has a social viewpoint and *pro bono publico* instincts, we can well afford to take the much depreciated viewpoint of government as a business. You also make the mistake of comparing Ford to ideals instead of actualities; put him alongside the Presidents since Lincoln, and then all the present candidates, and see what you see!

Incidentally, regarding Marquis, the facts are pretty well known that the Dean in the years of operation of Ford's so-called welfare work so tangled him in paternalistic and socialistic activity as to produce a reaction more clear-cut than the well-meaning but confused clergyman could stand—so he wrote a book; all democratic observers of Marquis's operation predicted that he would one day be the victim of his own fantastic system.

Ford's greatest qualification for President is his ability to oppose convention; this in view of the precedents, traditions, and tape-wound condition of our statecraft; this quality buttressed with an ability to "fire" a man or a hundred and to think in fundamental terms would enable him to set up a new presidential record, possibly as transcendent as he has in industry.

He is not a radical of the multiple-reform type, who would for sake of mere change upset things without a gain in progress; but he has a clean-cut viewpoint of the relationship of land to industry, of freedom of trade, of taxation of industry and monopoly, of law, and of finance; and above all, the efficiency he believes in is not a fantastic thing of college origin but something that *works*—even as you point out—in forcing production to the limit. It does not satisfy industrial sentimentalists who desire to mix work with play, with trades-union formulae, with shopcraft rule, with profit-sharing, so-called industrial democracy, and the tangle of conflicting notions going with these ideas; but it goes straight to the mark of a generous day's pay for an honest day's work, and Ford's popularity with the workers proves their real insight to their own needs rather than does the attitude of the minority of labor that thinks labor-union warfare is the way out.

Montclair, N. J., May 28 Chas. H. Ingersoll

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If Ford should be President, and he should be more of an autocrat and lead us into one more war to save the world, would that cause any more suffering or loss of life than to just run along as we are now? If it will bring the revolution, let it come.

Candler, N. C., June 2 Oscar Louis Bachelder

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If I vote for either of the old-party candidates next election, I know that I will vote for some Wall-Street-approved Machiavellian fully as *unfit* as Ford possibly can be. In other words, among all the *unfits* who have a chance, Ford has the virtue of being *different*, and modern progress does not depend upon doing the intelligent thing but in doing something *different*. Considered by himself "surly, tenacious Henry," as we used to call him, *is impossible*, but considered in his class he is no more unfit than any of the rest.

Chicago, Illinois, June 1 Parker H. Sercombe

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You say Henry Ford is without patience. Do you know he worked on his motor ten or twelve years at night before it was perfected; if that is not patience what quality is it? You say he is uneducated, he lacks wisdom and horse sense. Please tell me what qualities of the mind he has developed so as to be "beyond question a genius in his own field."

Martinsville, N. J., June 5 Matthew MacCollum

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read your article on Why Henry Ford Should Not Be President with a great deal of interest, and while I agree with you in the main, I hope his name will be presented to the voters in 1924. This hope is based solely on my theory that people as a whole would be better off if they had fewer guardians and were allowed to make their own mistakes.

Indianapolis, Indiana, May 31 J. H.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Ford might get us into difficulties, but could he, under any reasonable circumstances, get us into a worse mess than Messrs. Wilson and Harding? There are many men whom I would prefer as President, but if it were a question of choosing between Wilson and Harding and some third man, I would, like the prisoner in the dock, choose the attorney I had never seen rather than accept the two I had seen.

Washington, D. C., May 26 Carl Hoohstadt

Austria and Its Premier

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your Mid-European number of March 14, 1923, printed an article, A Country Without a Statesman, which certainly does not take a fair account of the difficulties besetting the present Austrian Premier, Dr. Seipel. That is why, on behalf of the Federal President, I beg to inclose a letter which disputes the concluding point of the article in question. The author of the letter is Professor Dr. Karl Brockhausen who, long retired from public service, is a prominent writer on politics and state law and has no connection whatever with the Austrian Government. The Federal President, who is a regular reader of your excellent paper, will be greatly obliged for printing the inclosed letter in the columns of *The Nation*.

Vienna, May 8 Loewenthal,
The President's Private Secretary

The letter referred to follows in part:

. . . The Republic of Austria, as it was incorporated into the body of European states, at first could but appear as practically stillborn to an observer. . . . The only redeeming feature in this situation was the promise given on the cover of the Treaty of St. Germain to alleviate and safeguard by means of loans the position of Austria. From 1919 till 1922 we were kept waiting for the materialization of this promise. I will not overlook the fact that the foreign nations, in particular the United States of America, at the critical juncture, when large sections of the population were threatened by famine, came to the help of the distressed state in the shape of the so-called relief credits. . . . But what Austria wanted and aimed at were public financial arrangements which should make the rich resources of the country available for interest to be paid on international loans with a view to restoring the balance in the budget. In return, Austria had again and again declared herself ready to carry out sweeping reforms at home, as neither foreign relief alone nor domestic reforms alone could bring about a sanitation of the state. The impossibility of combining

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these two actions wrecked two Austrian administrations, as the protracted discussions about reparations to be given up and about credits, as was to be expected, gave rise to strong political currents against the impossible situation. At one of the most critical moments of this state the present Premier, Dr. Seipel, formed an administration. . . . The League of Nations was hit upon as a possible practical instrument for carrying out the sanitation of Austria. . . . Dr. Seipel's activity has, for the first time, brought out the solidarity of European and world will which must become of the greatest influence for the future of Austria. But even from the purely domestic point of view its consequence has been that private capital which, up to the signing of the Geneva protocols, owing to explicable want of confidence in the vitality of this state, had kept aloof, now, that confidence had returned, became available for the service of the state.

Of the administration of the present Austrian Premier, which has lasted close on twelve months, two big facts must be recorded. The victor states have foregone their reparation claims on Austria derived from a theory of succession, and thereby the Austrian national wealth has been released and a real and trustworthy basis for taking over international financial obligations has been created. . . .

Our Russian "News"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On May 8 the New York bureau of the Russian Telegraph Agency, in its routine news report to Moscow, cabled the following item: "New York *Herald* dispatch dated Moscow, May 7, says '348 persons executed in new reign of terror during first two weeks of April at Butirski prison.' Dispatch says that in order to avoid disturbing the neighbors the executioners used sabers and hatchets."

The dispatch referred to was a "special cable to the New York *Herald*" under a Moscow date-line in a box with the head "Red Executioners' Victims Were 348 in Two Weeks," published in the *Herald*, May 8, 1923.

I have received today the following cable from the Russian Telegraph Agency at Moscow, referring to our cable of May 8: "*Herald* rumors alleging executions terror deliberate lies without foundation."

New York, May 10 Kenneth Durant

Who Can Send This Book?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A former private pupil of mine, Harry Dickens, a molder by trade, was obliged a year or more ago to go up among the mountains of northern California on account of T. B. He is at a little place of 135 people, trying to get well. Naturally, he has no money. But he possesses a remarkably good mind and is eager for information, for knowledge. He has just written me, wondering if I could possibly find a second-hand copy or set of Wells's "The Outline of History." See if some of you can't supply this one little request. The address is: Mr. Harry Dickens, Inwood, Shasta County, California.

San Francisco, May 10 W. T. Brown

Barbarians

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: They were a party of four; two belonged to the fair sex, one to the strong sex, and one was only a Negro. They all seemed to have a glorious time picnicking in the park. They held hands; they chatted amiably; they ate their lunch. And still the conspicuous figure was not at all made to feel his color. Like the rest he stretched out his hand for a sandwich or some more of their delicacies. But then they were only little children and hadn't as yet acquired the right kind of civilization.

Washington, May 14 Mary Fagin

Books

Ku Klux Kriticism

The Genius of America. By Stuart P. Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

IT is not many months ago since Stuart Sherman collected, under the title of "Americans," a number of essays in which he unburdened his mind of the wrath engendered by a prolonged contemplation of current social and literary manners. As becomes a man with a sense of humor—usually so lacking in the camp to which he insists upon belonging—Mr. Sherman became facetious, he symbolized the age in the figure of a flapper nourished upon the writings of H. L. Mencken, and charged the latter with being the Grand Master, more or less, of "the Loyal Independent Order of United Hiberno-German-Anti-English-Americans." One gathered that this symbolical conjunction of hyphens stood for all that Mr. Sherman dislikes in contemporary America, and that, through the machinations of such elements in the population, there has been developed a flapper public with reprehensible tastes. What those tastes are is indicated by the statement that Mencken's *Jeune Fille* "revels in the English paradoxers and mountebanks, the Scandinavian misanthropes, the German egomaniacs, and, above all, in the later Russian novelists, crazy with war, taxes, hunger, anarchy, vodka, and German philosophy."

All this is obviously "un-American," and before the ribald comment of those whom he addressed has quite died down, Mr. Sherman has come forward again with a constructive program of sane Americanism. "The Genius of America" is described in a sub-title as Studies in Behalf of the Younger Generation. It is an ingenuous tome, which an impartial and friendly alien, like myself, can read with a feeling of amazement quite distinct from the impatient irony it provokes in the special public which the author has in mind. "An incomparably profound moral idealism," it seems, is the dominant characteristic of the American genius, and woe unto those who forget it! The younger generation is guilty of that heresy, not through innate wickedness but because of the teaching of false prophets, the Spingarns and Dreisers and Menckens, the alcoholic Russians, and the German egomaniacs. Sinister Jews and Irishmen, apparently in the mistaken belief that they have any rights of self-expression in this great Anglo-Saxon republic, are actively engaged in the damnable work of undermining the Puritan stamina of the American people. Be Anglo-Saxon or be forever silent is, I gather, the exhortation which Mr. Sherman and his colleagues extend to the articulate few in the welter of races, creeds, and traditions which make up the America of today.

In order to facilitate this process of making American literature Protestant, Nordic, and Christian, Mr. Sherman invites his young readers to consider the past, to shake off their dread of Puritanism. The Puritans, he assures them, were fine fellows. They believed in liberty; hypocrisy was unknown to them; their cult of Beauty was rivaled only by their cult of Jehovah. In brief, they were he-men and "regular fellows," who drank and smoked, and actually loved their wives after ten years of marriage—there is documentary evidence in proof of this astounding fact—so that, apart from the hip-flasks of prohibition, the only obstacle to a complete understanding between the younger generation and the early fathers of the republic is the mischief-making of accursed aliens. The latter have made ten years of marital bliss an impossibility, and have otherwise slackened the bonds uniting Mr. Scott Fitzgerald and John Winthrop of Massachusetts, whose correspondence with his wife is such a tower of hope to Mr. Sherman. Moreover, even the most impenitent *Jeune Fille* who ever invested in "Ulysses" will admit that art cannot be divorced from the community, and, since the aim of all this pother is to give America

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an aesthetic conscience, to produce an art which will have its roots in the national life, what could be more foolish than to make art objectionable to bond salesmen and to efficiency experts?

Mr. Sherman draws an affecting picture of the devastating effect of an exponent of the younger generation as he outlines his ideas to a gathering of business men, curiously described as Builders of Contemporary Civilization. These gentlemen recoil in horror. Professor Sherman declares that one of them took refuge in George Eliot. That is too terrible a fate, too harsh a punishment for more than one. With all their faults I love them still well enough to hope that the majority fled to the nearest convention of "Ad. Men," or some such entertainment, where profits and platitudes are undisturbed by contact with ideas.

Within certain limits it is obviously true that the arts must stand in some positive relation to the prevailing ideas of the community, but it is Mr. Spingarn, and not Mr. Sherman, who is right when he throws upon the community the responsibility for the materials of which the artist's dream is made. Against Mr. Spingarn's aesthetic his critic sets the dictum that "beauty has a heart full of service," and proceeds to argue that art in America must serve the community; it must not revolt against the latter, for then the philistines are confirmed in their notion that business is the proper study of man. Unfortunately, Stuart Sherman has the Ku Klux point of view about the community.

Like all of his kind, whether in literature or politics, he seems to be blandly unaware of the infiltrations of race and culture which are forming America, or rather, he is aware of them and resentful. Otherwise, it is difficult to account for these perpetual gibes at gloomy Scandinavians, crazy Russians, and so forth. These races, whose very names are an irritation to certain upholders of Anglo-Saxondom, seem to me to be an integral and increasing part of American life. It is, of course, possible to make a constitutional amendment which will prohibit the influx of dangerous tribes, suckled in creeds outworn and obnoxious to the Anglo-Saxon world, but it is in vain that the prophets of puritanism cry out against the cultural manifestations of racial intermixture. Before Mr. Sherman appeals to the artist on behalf of the community, he will have to make up his mind that the community is something vastly more complicated and less homogeneous than is dreamt of in his Ku Klux philosophy.

ERNEST BOYD

Great Wit and Madness

The Doctor Looks at Literature. By Joseph Collins. George H. Doran Company. $3.

IT is a sign of the touching humility of lettered folk that this volume is being received by them with rather bated breath. They all deal with psychology, write psychology, and know, of course, that their purely technical grounding is insecure. A distinguished neurologist appears upon the scene—their special scene. He is ready to discuss D. H. Lawrence, Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce, Marcel Proust! Critics and novelists surround him, a childlike hope and wonder in their eyes.

Unfortunately for their expectations the distinguished neurologist is merely—a neurologist. He is quite sure that the inactivity of Amiel in the practical life was due simply to a "personality defect," which is mere question-begging nonsense, by the way, and was due to no true psychosis—an enormously elastic term—because, well, because "his general level of behavior was high. He was a diligent, methodical worker; he reacted in a normal way to conventional standards." Nothing could well be more amusing than this diagnosis. To distinguish a mad man from a sane one these tests are doubtless correct and adequate. To apply them to the irritable race of poets is plainly funny. Was Byron's general level of behavior "high"? Was Musset a "diligent, methodical worker"? Did Goethe react in a "normal way to conventional standards"? And if not, did they all have obscure psychoses? And if they did, are those psychoses the inner reasons of their genius? Perhaps their genius is to be declared madness. I can think of but one writer in the whole realm of literature who meets Dr. Collins's tests—Anthony Trollope.

In addition to his neurological preoccupation Dr. Collins suffers from an imperfect sense of distinctions and values and from an equally imperfect sense of consistency. The first defect can be illustrated by a single quotation. In regarding science as the best preparation for a career of letters, Dr. Collins writes: "M. Duhamel is in full accord with another famous theoretical world-orderer, Mr. H. G. Wells, but in disagreement with a practical one, Mr. Charles E. Hughes." This juxtaposition of Mr. Wells and the estimable Secretary of State, it may be observed, is quite unsmiling. Equally solemn is Dr. Collins's inconsistency. He damns Freud and the Freudians with the anger of a pure man and an American. But at every crucial point he applies Freudian methods of analysis, hunting down the "libido" of poor Miriam Henderson, declaring therefore that Miss Dorothy Richardson, being now married, will have to leave her story unfinished, pointing out the sex symbolism of a harmless looking meal in the works of Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

In point of fact wherever Mr. Collins is definitely illuminating *his method is strictly Freudian. But he is always a prey to* his critical emotions and damns D. H. Lawrence in unmeasured terms for precisely the same thing for which he praises Marcel Proust. One can only infer that the apologetics of sexual aberration sound better to him in French than in English.

The closer one gets to fundamentals the more confused and confusing does Dr. Collins become. He starts out most excellently: "The best thing that fiction writers can do is to depict the problematic in life in all its intensity and perplexity, and put it up to the psychologists as a challenge." But, alas, he is willing to let novelists do that only so long as the results of their observations please him. If, like "May Sinclair, Harvey J. O'Higgins, *et al.*" they seem to imply that "instinct is more powerful than reason," then—off with their heads. "It is hypothesis," Dr. Collins thunders, "and application of the doctrine is inimical to the system of ethics to which we have conformed our conduct or tried to conform it, with indifferent success, for the past nineteen hundred years." Thus Dr. Collins has one, in the slang phrase, "going and coming." You may depict the problematic in life in all its intensity and perplexity, but it must be a good little problematic and observation must always bring home a preponderating desire for such conformity to a superimposed system of ethics, such reactions in "normal ways to conventional standards," I suppose, as clinically distinguish soundness from unsoundness of mind. But if you are a special favorite of Dr. Collins you can do as you like in this matter.

And so the late Katherine Mansfield is praised because her characters "reacted to their immediate desires and environment in the way that people act in real life." They are permitted to act according to their desires, that is, according to their instincts. Such is not the privilege of the people of "May Sinclair, Harvey J. O'Higgins, *et al.*"

The truth is that on the side of literary criticism Dr. Collins is thoroughly untrained; he is hopelessly uncritical, that is to say, unphilosophical. For a busy neurologist the breadth of his literary culture is admirable and astonishing. But he has never trained himself to reflection within the circle of literary and philosophical considerations and dashes into their midst with the special equipment of his science and some of the emotional reactions of George F. Babbitt. He is best and most illuminating on Dostoevski, whose protagonists were all "sadistic or masochistic" and all "more or less insane." Here he is almost on his native heath.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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Depths and Shallows

La Parcelle 32. By Ernest Pérochon. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Our Little Girl. By Robert A. Simon. Boni and Liveright. $2.

THREE years ago Ernest Pérochon won the Prix Goncourt with "Nene," a powerful novel of French peasant life, and his new book has much the same virtues as the prize-winning work. His method, a temperate naturalism, leads him to tell a plain story of everyday tragedy in a plain way, with restrained feeling and the abundant observation which can come only from sympathetic familiarity with the peasant type which he describes, but without the laborious, senseless detail sometimes associated with the Goncourt school. A naturalist only because the naturalistic method fits the sort of story he has to tell, he has nothing of the doctrinaire about him.

The picture which he gives of the simple life is neither wholly idyllic nor wholly brutal and its fair, balanced reality comes, I think, from an equilibrium of opposing forces within the author himself. Temperamentally he is attracted to simple characters cast in the heroic mold of the patiently striving peasant and he has the French feeling for the fundamental dignity of the soil, but intellectually he sees how the hardness of the simple life tends always to coarsen and how what should be grandly simple becomes instead unfeelingly brutal. "Nene" was the story of man's inhumanity to man, the story of a beautiful nature finding no fulfilment among crass people and reaping nothing but suffering from superior sensitiveness and superior nobility; "La Parcelle 32" is the story of the corruption of peasant virtue into a peasant vice. Old Magureau was possessed by the peasant's love of the soil. When he might sell his land and live in peace upon his revenue he refused, saying simply "I shall rest as my fathers did—when I am dead," and he is thus a type of that instinctive devotion to the land which is the foundation of society and which is honored nowhere more than in France. But excess of virtue becomes vice and love of the soil passes into avarice. He lusts for the green fields which surround his own little domain, and gradually all other loves are sacrificed to the love of property until finally all himself and all his, down to the happiness of his granddaughter, is sacrificed to the all-embracing greed. There is nothing unusual in the story itself of a young girl separated from her soldier lover and forced into the arms of a neighboring proprietor, but the book is raised to significance both by the authenticity of the local atmosphere and by the moral vision of the writer, who sees into the depths of human nature, from the same foundations in which vices and virtues grow so inextricably mingled that one can hardly say where brutality branches out from simplicity or lust from love. It is in method an impersonal book yet withal one can see behind it the personality of a man whom the spectacle of the cruelty of man and nature has stung into agony because he loves both so much.

Mr. Robert Simon I propose as more truly representative of the *Weltanschauung* of contemporary youth than his predecessor in the study of flapper philosophy, Mr. Scott Fitzgerald. The latter has studied "The Picture of Dorian Gray" on the one hand and the *Metropolitan Magazine* on the other far too carefully not to see youth less through its own eyes than through the eyes of a professional littérateur seeking for copy and laboring a highly artificial style. Hence he hardly suggests the innocence and naivete which lie under the superficial worldly wisdom of "the younger generation," while Mr. Simon, on the other hand, writes more as the average youth would write if he could write at all—spontaneously, joyously, and naively enthusiastic for disillusion. His wit is the wit of the sophisticated college boy and his satire is for those humbugs which any child of the century sees through, but he has the power of continuous expression which belongs only to the writer, so that whereas his friends and contemporaries exhaust their wit in a slang phrase or a chance remark, he has written a novel. All of his set will find themselves in him, and though he will tell them nothing new they will rejoice to have themselves set down.

Charm is no doubt the last thing which he aimed to achieve in his first venture into fiction but "youth" is written, large and agreeable, upon the pages of "Our Little Girl." When he chose as his heroine a perfectly ordinary girl whom foolish parents destined from the cradle to a triumphant career in music, he was no doubt determined to be bitter, and to contrast in the course of her adventures his own disillusioning knowledge of the world with the ignorance of his heroine and her family. With bitter laughter he would show the mother timidly explaining "the facts of life" to the normally knowing girl and from the depths of his sophistication he would ridicule the romantic ignorance which lent to the word "studio" a bawdy fascination because it was always there that "the thing happened." Finally from his familiarity with the ins and outs of musical life in New York he would describe the tragedy of a typical Aeolian Hall debut and then dismiss the girl contemptuously into the arms of her commonplace lover where she belongs. Now all of these events he has described with verve and wit, but there is much more fun than malice in the working out and the work is highly amusing without being in the least devastating. Mr. Simon is so obviously not the bitter cynic but the agreeable young man rejoicing in his newly found intelligence that the result is very pleasant indeed. He has deftly skimmed a few characters, situations, and conversations off the surface of contemporary life and as a result "Our Little Girl" is far more agreeable than many maturer works.

J. W. KRUTCH

Light Reading

The Best Short Stories of 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1922. With an Introduction by Blanche Colton Williams. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.90.

The Best British Short Stories of 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

Georgian Stories, 1922. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

LET it be understood that each one of these books is excellent light reading; each fits perfectly into the pictures of summer-resort advertising along with the beach and the hammock, the veranda and the canoe. But it is not as light reading that the volumes are sent out into the world. Not for the patron of the diverting and the inconsequential are they intended, but for the student of literature and humanity. "Criticism of life . . . ," says Mr. O'Brien for both his books; "thoroughly representative of the modern short story . . . ," writes the editor of "Georgian Stories"; "the best, which we respectfully offer to the smaller number that values quality," modestly advertises a member of the O. Henry Committee.

And the reviewer's conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, forcing him to gauge these volumes by the ambitious standards of the editors rather than have done by measuring the soporific quality of the stories and comparing it with that of other summer fiction. The least disparity between editorial claims and actual achievement is to be found in the first anthology. Though Mr. O'Brien's introduction is undoubtedly the most important contribution to his book this year, the collection of stories is from every point of view better than any he has previously made. It is to be criticized for its omissions rather than for anything included therein; e.g., the stories of Miss Cohen or Mr. Finger or Mr. Steele could easily have given place to Edna Ferber's Old Man Minnick, which is as far above their work as it is superior to her own shoddy average. Nevertheless Mr. O'Brien has chosen stories to refute in some measure his wise and guarded discussion of the artificially inspired disintegration in American literature. Thus he bravely

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weakens his arguments, but none will deny that his charge can be substantiated by examples from any American periodical.

Certainly it is substantiated in the O. Henry volume which proves for the fourth successive time that it cannot by any stretch of the imagination be taken as a study of American short stories, the introduction to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed, the committee's conception of a representative volume is only remotely connected with artistic qualifications; it is rather based on a principle which is the combination of a commercial traveler's sample case and Mr. Harding's method of choosing a cabinet: one exemplar of the dog story, one from tales of the supernatural, one campus comedy, and so on; other samples to represent the different sections of our country, also Africa and the South Seas, etc., etc. And if this be not sufficiently limiting, there are the decisions concerning the number of words that constitute a short story and other academic considerations which are of as little use in recognizing literary achievement as a tape measure would be in determining the quality of a Van der Meer masterpiece. So let me again asseverate that here be light tales and merry—as for "the best, which we respectfully . . ." "by my troth, captain, these are very bitter words."

Neither of the English volumes is as comprehensive as Mr. O'Brien's American anthology. There are strange lapses and omissions which the irrelevant introduction of Mr. Cournos and the incoherently apologetic foreword and inconsequential preface to "Georgian Stories" fail to explain. Yet combining the two books, one has a sufficiently representative document to permit generalization. It is, of course, a commonplace in comparing British and American work, whether prose or poetry, to announce that the English writers know more of the English tongue. We have had no De Quincey to wax indignant at the barbarism of wrong prepositions; our artists are equally careless of the subtleties of a word and the nuances of a situation; and in literature as in everything else we seem to lay emphasis on large quantity rather than on finished quality. Hence, despite the fact that Americans use the language more buoyantly and without restraint, they are actually less articulate.

Perhaps it is this attention to form that precludes consideration of life's realities; more probably the English authors are now wallowing in an emotional bilge and dawdling with trivialities to escape from the sordid chaos which is our world; it may be that the British mind is incapable of envisaging independently new and therefore vulgar ideas, and is thus condemned to feed on stubble until some foreigner leads it to a fresh field. At any rate, the results in contemporary English fiction are literary contortions, skilfully and gracefully executed, but meaningless and futile and essentially ugly. There are exceptions.

Katherine Mansfield in the story Pictures and W. Somerset Maugham in Rain achieve intimate psychological studies in depicting a single incident: one showing the fall of a woman by drawing two threads through the warp of her life; the other forcing a recognition of elemental influences in the shock of his dénouement. John Galsworthy and E. M. Forster succeed in genial, cynical revelations of the ultimate, and Stacy Aumonier has lightning flashes of genius in a downpour of mediocrity. Still, these exceptions merely serve to emphasize that her writers are as blind to the living England, to the no-longer-merrie England, as Boucher, Deshays, Fragonard, and all their little imitators were blind to the restless, ominously sullen, pre-revolutionary France.

For this reason I do not hesitate to believe that the future belongs to American writing. I say this fully aware that it lacks the power of communication which distinguishes English work, that it is avoiding both introspection and confession which are the marks of sophisticated, independent art, and that it is renouncing the riches of a universal literary tradition because that "pleased not the million." But the honest effort to solve the riddle of Main Street is worth all of this and more. The serious artists among our writers are approaching our civilization in the manner that characterized every significant interpreter of an age, whether Dante or Holberg or Voltaire, and in the short story they have found the medium that contains the essence of objective writing.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

The West in the Near East

The Western Question in Greece and Turkey. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

IF there were many Americans deeply interested in the affairs of the Near East, or even if the relatively few who are interested would be willing to revise their views in the light of a novel and broad-minded exposition, this book would take rank as one of the capital contributions of the hour. It is written by an Englishman who, after years of study, largely on the ground, has divested himself of all vulgar prejudice and has come to see the Near East issue as a vast historic process moving with the inevitableness of a natural force. His main theme is that all the disturbing phenomena of the troubled Near Eastern area, the revolutions, the fiery nationalisms, the wars, the bloody massacres, are the perfectly intelligible consequence of the disturbances produced by the rude incursions of the Occident in the form, first, of a body of ideas, and second, of competitive great Powers greedy for economic benefits. It is refreshing and gratifying to find an investigator who is ready to put the blame more on the active agent in this movement, the intruding West, than on the victim, but who, above all, is much less interested in distributing either blame or praise than in arriving at a human understanding of the dislocations which have taken place during the last one hundred years and which must needs continue for some further generations before an equilibrium can be reached. This disinterested attitude goes so far that England is not measured with a different measure from her rivals, and that even Germany, instead of being singled out for abuse, is treated merely as one of the associated group of Western exploiters.

Of course this thesis of the West's responsibility is not new, but it has probably never been set forth with so much conviction or sustained with so much cogency. The effect is curious. While the Near East appears as the horrible inferno it actually is, the reader looks down on it, more in sorrow than in anger, from a philosophic height; and what is more, instead of unloading such anger as he may feel on the backward natives and, more particularly, on that figment of English political cunning, "the unspeakable Turk," he directs it against himself and all his Western kin. However, the impression must not be given that the book is a philosophic treatise, since it is, in substance and intent, a close narrative account of the events in Anatolia since the World War. We see the unfolding in successive breathless acts of the diabolical plot of the victorious Allies to carve up Anatolia among themselves—the secret decision at Paris in May, 1919, the sudden dispatch of the Greek army to Smyrna to serve as the cat's-paw of the Paris masters, the Turk nationalist reaction under Mustapha Kemal, and, finally, the war of extermination (1919-22) which turned an immense area, happily spared the devastation wrought by the World War, into a desert of rotting corpses and smoking ruins. The story is carried only to the stalemate of 1922; the Greek overthrow of last summer, though clearly foreseen, lies beyond the reach of the narrative. An eye-witness account of the Greek offensive of 1921, together with a scrupulously judicial investigation of some of the more hideous massacres executed by both Turks and Greeks, plants the reader directly and vividly on the Anatolian scene. Only readers who love the challenge of elevated thought and who are willing to revise their snap judgments should open this book, but for such there is a rich increment of understanding.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL

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A Survey of Nursing

Nursing and Nursing Education in the United States. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THREE thoughts occur to the reviewer as he looks over "Nursing and Nursing Education in the United States." This is a survey of the nursing situation conducted under the supervision of nineteen representative medical and nursing educators. The body of the report was written by Miss Josephine Goldmark.

In the first place, surveys are in general too much in fashion and too often lead to discussion and further surveys rather than to action. Nevertheless this particular survey is distinctly important. The data presented are of intrinsic value. The conclusions are likely to provoke action because the survey comes at the critical time in nursing and nursing education.

The second thought is that once more the failure of the apprenticeship system as a system is revealed. However successful the apprenticeship system may be under special circumstances, it does not seem to succeed as a general system. All the data and recommendations point toward the development of a nursing profession which is to be created by a process of formal education as opposed to apprenticeship. It seems clear that none of the parties involved are now satisfied with the training of nurses, certainly not the nurses themselves, certainly not the investigators of this survey, and apparently not the hospital training schools and the public.

The third thought is a personal response to a somewhat general tendency in education, particularly in medical and nursing education. This tendency is somewhat apparent, but not offensively so in this book. Standards are necessary parts of the inevitable machinery of education and are means to an end. But it is easily possible to become over-enthusiastic and over-insistent on arbitrary standards. If standards are generally accepted, there may be little experience and little experiment as the basis for progress. In general this survey represents a sane and sincere attempt to create a true profession of nursing and to do away with the nursing caste.

ROGER I. LEE

Lord Northcliffe

Lord Northcliffe: A Memoir. By Max Pemberton. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

THE author disclaims at the outset any attempt to estimate Lord Northcliffe's true place in history or to pronounce a measured verdict on the political controversies in which he was involved. The book is little more than an undiscriminating eulogy of its hero's diligence, enterprise, foresight, and courage, with abundant details illustrating his zest for golfing and fishing and his keenness to explore the possibilities of mechanical inventions. The story of his early years—the biographer and his subject were boys together—is told with special fulness. The description of the revolution effected by the *Daily Mail* in London journalism is heightened by an exaggerated picture of the incompetence of the press that preceded it. Even in recording Lord Northcliffe's own achievements Mr. Pemberton omits many facts of importance; e.g., there is no mention of Sir Arthur Pearson in the account of the negotiations for the purchase of the *Times*. Incidentally, however, we are told of many interesting incidents not generally known; as, for instance, that during the six months Lord Northcliffe spent in America on the War Mission he did not see one of his own papers, and that he abandoned the Carlton Club because he discovered that most of its members were of the same way of thinking and that he could not derive any new ideas from them. The style of the book is stilted—we read of the "arboreal endowments" and "piscatorial commerce" of Newfoundland—and its carelessness of arrangement leads to frequent irritating repetitions.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Books in Brief

Selected Poems. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $2.

An excellent selection by Mr. Masefield himself, with seven new and entirely characteristic poems.

Sulamith. A Prose Poem of Antiquity. By Alexandre Kuprin. Translated from the Russian by B. Guilbert Guerney. Nicholas L. Brown. $2.

Beautiful and eloquent handling, rather high in spots, of a story assumed to underlie the Song of Solomon.

The New Poetry. An Anthology of Twentieth-Century Verse in English. New and enlarged edition. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

The best anthology of its kind. Enlarged by a third and brought to date.

Collected Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Mr. Lindsay's grotesquely unequal poems are brought together for the first time in this handsome volume. The classification is new and strange, and doubtless it will remain chaotic to all but the author himself. There is an autobiographical preface of considerable value, and many interesting notes are scattered throughout the text. A curious and important book.

Human Australasia. By Charles Franklin Thwing. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A careful, conscientious survey, by the president of Western Reserve University, of conditions in what the author calls "the newest, the most interesting, the most quickening to reflection, and apparently the final outpost of Anglo-Saxon civilization." Particular attention has been paid to the educational systems.

Studies in North Africa. By Cyril Grant Fletcher. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

Just before the war, "Studies in North Africa" was published as the better half of a two-part volume, "Twixt Sand and Sea." After a divorce it has resumed its own name, and should pay good alimony to the author, as it is an interesting and scholarly account of the historic cities of North Africa from Carthage to the present day.

The Life and Work of Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth. By Frank Smith. London: John Murray. 18s.

Sir James, who died in 1877, was the first Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education, out of which the present Board of Education has grown. This memoir not only reveals to us the mind and character of a man whom Sir Michael Sadler, in an introduction, describes as "a giant among public servants," but tells in adequate detail the story of the development of the state organization of education in England from the establishment of the Committee of Council in 1839 to the passing of W. E. Forster's Act in 1870. It is a book that should be in every educational library.

The Life of Sir Robert Moray. By Alexander Robertson. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.

The record of a distinguished seventeenth-century Scotsman, who was concerned in the diplomatic negotiations with Charles I, became colonel of the Scottish Guards and was active in recruiting troops for France, and played a considerable part in the Glencairn rising. He was not only soldier and statesman, but man of science, becoming the first president of the Royal Society and carrying out some of the most notable investigations of the time. This book—an admirable example of diligent and scholarly research—is the work of a young graduate of Edinburgh and Oxford who fell in the attack on Serre.

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The Stag Cook Book. Collected and edited by C. Mac Sheridan. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

Expresses the ideal of 102 men—foreign ambassadors, journalists, movie stars, plain bachelors, and some benedicts—as to what constitutes gastronomical poesy, voiced, in most cases, in a passion of italics and exclamation points. Though "Written by Men for Men," a valuable guide to any calculating spinster with a cap to set, for it appears that where an exotic dish such as "fried elderberry blossoms" is called for once, spaghetti stands ace high with a hungry majority.

Music

The Prince of Music

"MUSICAE PRINCEPS" was the brief and proud description inscribed on the leaden plate attached to the coffin of Giovanni Pierluigi Sante, whom the world knows best as Palestrina—the name acquired from the town of his birth—when his body was buried in the *cappella nuova* of Old St. Peter's in Rome. He has been called, further, the "savior of music" because of his practical defense of church music during and immediately after the Council of Trent by writing not one, but three, masses "so blameless, so transcendently beautiful," in the words of Mrs. Pyne, "that the Pope compared them to the music of the heavenly spheres." Thus the reforming cardinals were dissuaded from their fell purpose of excluding music altogether from the Office of the Mass. The admiration in which future ages were destined to hold Palestrina has amounted in some quarters to a cult. And yet, until the appearance of "Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, His Life and Times," by Zoe Kendrick Pyne,* the literature in English on the subject of this "prince of music" consisted of the biographical notices in the encyclopedias and the musical dictionaries and a few stray articles in magazines.

The varying fortunes of Pierluigi's life must have had a strongly determining influence on the development of his talent. Mrs. Pyne believes that he was born "probably toward the end of 1525." The register of his birth has not been found and other authorities have given the year as 1526. At any rate, late in 1544 he was appointed organist and choirmaster of the cathedral of San Agapito in his native town of Palestrina. This was a life appointment and might have insured for Pierluigi a tranquil choir-loft existence of composing for his own singers in his own church, a sort of Italian and Catholic parallel to the very German and Lutheran life of Bach as organist and choirmaster of the Thomaskirche and the Nikolaikirche in Leipzig. But here enters the unpredictable element that we call luck or fate. The recently appointed bishop of Palestrina was the Cardinal Giammaria Ciocchi del Monte, who was destined early in 1550 to ascend the papal throne as Julius III.

Though explicit testimony seems to be lacking, it is obvious, as Mrs. Pyne says, that Cardinal Ciocchi had opportunities of observing the young musician and of noticing his remarkable gifts, and the prelate may even have extended to the organist his kindly interest and patronage. In any case, "the unusual step was taken of annulling his life appointment to the cathedral of San Agapito, and in September, 1551, he received the office of Master of the Boys in the Julian Choir, St. Peter's." Thus was Pierluigi transferred from the calm of his ancestral hills to the splendor and movement of the Eternal City, the capital of Christendom, still aglow with the afternoon sunlight of the waning Renaissance. And here, through many vicissitudes, was to be his field of labor until the day of his death, February 2, 1594. The struggle and the shocks of that span of more than forty years were at times of a nature to bring dismay to his very soul, but nevertheless they had the effect of stimulating his talent, and one is permitted to doubt whether vegetating in the choir-loft at Palestrina Pierluigi would ever have grown into the "prince of music" that issued from the strife incident to changes of popes and papal policies, the reformation within the Catholic church, the breaking up of the Renaissance, and all the labors, aspirations, uncertainties, and catastrophes of that tempestuous period, when at times the stern ecclesiastical preoccupation with the moral regeneration of "religion" and the inculcation of more strenuous ideals of conduct threatened to cut at the very roots of art, even of an art so pure and lofty as Pierluigi's.

Julius III was the last of the humanist popes. Still, the character of the next pope, Marcellus II, a man of the widest cultivation, promised well for the continued prosperity of Pierluigi, and, as a matter of fact, one of the greatest of the Palestrina masses, the "Missa Papae Marcelli," is an imperishable monument to his name. But Marcellus II, unfortunately, lived to reign only three weeks. His successor, Paul IV, was a reformer of the strictest and severest type. He began the making over of the church by setting his own house, the Vatican, in order. There are various conjectures as to why the knife fell on Pierluigi, but the important fact is that it did. On July 30, 1555, he found himself summarily dismissed from the Pontifical Choir, practically with his life to start over again. But time has its revenges. Amidst all the turbulence of that period of reform and of changing popes, and in the face of the threatened ban on church music by the Council of Trent, Pierluigi's talent won its way. When nearly forty years later he died, he had held for years the official title of "Composer to the Pontifical Choir," and he had had the happiness of knowing in his own lifetime that his compositions were already held in high esteem.

These biographical facts are worth dwelling on, because with brevity and succinctness, and yet with enough of picturesque detail, Mrs. Pyne has told the story of Palestrina in a way that cannot but interest the reader in the man, and hence in the composer. In her preface she utters a pious wish as to helping any student of sixteenth century *a cappella* music to a better understanding of the subject. In a measure she achieves this very result through her skilful narrative of Pierluigi's life. A reader who had never cared a fig for Palestrina's music, or even known of its existence, might well be fired thereby to curiosity as to just what quality in the compositions of a fellow who had led a life so uncommonly interesting could have excited so much enthusiasm and devotion. And Mrs. Pyne does what the printed word may do to nourish such a curiosity into effective action by providing many admirably clear and informing pages on the nature of *a cappella* music in general and the special quality of Palestrina's own work.

It would doubtless be enlightening to her audience of English and American readers if she had undertaken a comparison between the music of Bach, who preaches, and the music of Palestrina, who prays, but she pleads "no opportunity" for doing the thing with the desirable thoroughness within the limits of her book. However, her final chapter of Concluding Remarks is a compensation for almost any omission a captious reader might be tempted to charge. From it I quote two passages of particularly penetrating and suggestive criticism:

"Paradoxical as it may seem, modern music, while gaining in subtlety, coloring, and weight, has lost in *size*. An unaccompanied six part mass . . . is practically immeasurable, for it is confined in no limit of rhythmic beat, thematic structure, or chromatic formula."

Again, after speaking of the effect of illimitable space produced by the vast dome of the Pantheon in Rome, opening, as it does, to the very heavens: "In Pierluigi's music there is the same absence of a definite point of comparison by which to measure, and if the score be examined this seems even more remarkable, as nothing in the disposition of the voices would lead one to anticipate this quality of infinite space, this effect of divine freedom."

PITTS SANBORN

* *Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, His Life and Times.* By Zoe Kendrick Pyne. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

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International Relations Section

The Menace of Opium

By TARAKNATH DAS

CHINA through the efforts of the Chinese reformers and others made an agreement with the British Government to stop importation of all opium from India so that she would be able to save her people from the menace of opium. China did stop poppy cultivation most effectively, and the selling, using, or smuggling of opium was prohibited by law. But morphine has taken the place of opium in China. Dr. Wu Lien-teh, director of the North Manchurian Plague Prevention Service, who is regarded as an authority on the subject of drug and drug addiction in China, gives the following figures as the amount of morphia smuggled into China:

Year		Ounces Avoirdupois	Equal to Tons
1911		208,540	5½
1912		276,572	7½
1913		406,154	11¼
1914		504,020	14
1915	about	600,000	16
1916	"	600,000	16
1917	"	800,000	22½
1918	"	800,000	22½
1919	"	1,000,000	28

Basil Mathews, an Englishman, editor of *Outward Bound*, in his book "The World Dope Menace and The League of Nations," remarks in regard to the morphine situation in China:

> It seems certain on medical testimony that two hundredweight of morphine per annum would be adequate for the present medical needs of China. Yet the nations have been exporting to her as much as twenty-eight tons in a single year. . . . In cold, literal fact, men in Britain and America and Japan have grown rich by debauching of China's morpho-maniacs who are now innumerable.

Dr. Judson Brown in his book "The Mastery of the Far East" and also Mr. Macdonald in his work "Trade, Politics, and Christianity in the Orient" point out that the British morphia manufacturers at London and Edinburgh are the principal traders with China, and Japanese smugglers act as middlemen in the case of drugging the Chinese by morphine. T. H. Smith, 25 Christopher Street, London, and J. F. Macfarlane & Company, Edinburgh, are important firms which manufacture morphine. The Chinese custom house at Shanghai has confiscated morphine manufactured by them to be smuggled into China by Japanese.

Morphine is not only devitalizing China, but it has secured a grip over the American people, particularly of the younger generation. According to figures given in the report of the hearings before the Committee on Foreign Affairs, House of Representatives, last February, there are at least 2,000,000 drug addicts in the United States (this figure being that of 1918). The increase in the number of addicts has been more than 100 per cent during the last ten years. According to competent medical authorities in the United States 50 per cent or more of these addicts are under twenty years of age. The United States is the largest per capita drug consumer in the world, its share being 36 grains per head. In other countries the rate of consumption is much less: India 24 grains, Germany 2 grains, France 3 grains, Italy 1 grain, Portugal 2½ grains, Holland 3½ grains. Morphia is manufactured from opium and is ten times more dangerous. This leads to the production of opium in various parts of the world. The opium that is best suited for making morphia is Turkish and Persian which on the average contains more than 9 per cent of morphine. Indian opium is not so strong. It is not possible to obtain accurate information regarding Turkish or Persian opium, but the British Government reports give some information regarding opium production in India. Latest reports show that 741 tons of provision opium were exported out of India, and during the same year, through licensed opium shops (about 7,000), Indian people consumed 532 tons of excise opium.

The British Government is a signatory to the Hague Conference on Opium. Yet in India the British Government advances money without interest to the poor farmers of India to induce them to cultivate the poppy, and then the Government has the monopoly of the opium trade. According to "Truth About Indian Opium," written by Mr. Dixon and published by the India Office, in the year 1913-14, 144,561 acres of very good land were used for the cultivation of the poppy. That was during the period when China did not suppress opium completely and Indian opium entered into China as a matter of legitimate trade. In the year 1919-20 the acreage utilized for the cultivation of the poppy was 163,123. Thus there was an increase of 20,000 acres.

There can not be any denying that the British Government's opium policy is to a large extent responsible for drugging other nations. According to the figures on page 27 of Mr. Dixon's book ("Truth About Indian Opium") we find that in the year 1913-14 the Straits Settlements took only 1,537 chests (each chest contains 140½ pounds), but during the year 1917-18, 5,174 chests of opium went to the Straits Settlements from India. This shows that after China's suppression of opium, opium is filtering through the Straits Settlements. During the year 1918-19, 2,400 chests of opium were sent to the Dutch Indies and 3,490 chests to the French Indies from British India.

It is generally contended that British-Indian opium is not being imported into America, but there is no doubt that a large quantity of Indian opium is being smuggled into America. As long as Great Britain, a Christian nation, refuses to stop the opium monopoly for profit, what can America say to Turkey and Persia? It must be said that some section of the British public is in accord with the Porter resolution passed by the last Congress of the United States that the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium should be restricted to medicinal purposes. The League of Nation's opium committee has heretofore failed in its work because it agreed to restrict the manufacture of opium to "legitimate uses" instead of "medicinal and scientific purposes." This change was made because of the pleas by the British-Indian Government's delegate to that effect. But the British Committee on Suppression of Opium and many high-minded persons are anxious to aid in eliminating the drug. Sir William Collins, who participated in the First Hague Conference on Opium in 1911, in a letter addressed to the London *Times* of January 18, 1923, makes the following illuminating remark:

> Recently, with the assistance of Mr. Langford Moore, the dispenser to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, I have ascertained that

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at ten large hospitals which treated more than 70,000 in-patients and more than 550,000 out-patients in the year 1921, the amount of opium used in that year was less than 42 pounds, of morphia less than 5½ pounds, and of cocaine a little over 9 pounds. These relatively modest amounts of drugs . . . would tend to confirm the view that with hundreds of thousands of kilograms of opium raised, and tons of morphia manufactured and annually exported, there must be a very ample margin available for purposes which can only be described as illegitimate and pernicious.

The problem then is, Will there be an agreement among nations which will force the British-Indian Government, the Turkish Government, and others to limit the production of opium only to medicinal and scientific purposes? India produces over 1,200 tons of opium to drug the people of India and the rest of the world. Will it continue in the face of American effort to eliminate the menace of "dope" from the world, especially for the sake of the future generation?

The Italian Bank of Agriculture

IN reply to criticism of the National Bank of Agriculture by Professors Augusto Graziani, Filippo Virgilii, and Gino Arias, Luigi Luzatti has written the following article for the *Giornale di Agricoltura:*

Will you allow a few words from an old man who has been engaged in the business of agricultural credit for more than half a century, not only by his speeches and proposed laws, but by actual acccomplishments in Italy and other countries? In the first place I cannot understand how economists of your ability and integrity can offer criticisms, not always moderate, with regard to the National Bank of Agriculture. This institution is directed by men of the highest caliber, deserving of great credit for the foundation of our agricultural bureaus for collecting and spreading valuable technical information relating to farming, previously so sadly neglected. If these men now want to crown this work, which they performed with their own hands in a true spirit of service, with an institution dedicated to agricultural credit, you should stand with them and give them your support, especially in these times when so many open and hidden dangers lurk in the way of the very credit institutions against which your criticisms are directed. Following in the footsteps of a great teacher, Carlo Cattaneo, I have always pointed out that agricultural prosperity is the result of industrial and commercial gains, as is the case in Lombardy, where prosperity is due to the agricultural credit maintained with the people's banks. Consider the example of the People's Cooperative Bank in Cremona, one of the largest in the world, which devoted many of its commercial and industrial deposits to land which it had fertilized by means of valuable securities and equipped so wonderfully that in many places it yielded as much as 30 hundredweight of grain per hectare.

And how many other such examples I could give you of institutions which have more than half a century of untarnished business integrity behind them! But if a group of most competent agriculturists collect millions to build up a bank which is essentially agricultural, dedicated exclusively to initiatives of production and not of consumption, why is it that economists of such eminence as you should be too impatient to hold back and watch the experiment in silence, when you withhold your censorship from other banks which are agricultural in all but name?

On the other hand you are surprised, my esteemed comrades, that sums are deposited subject to withdrawal in case agricultural operations are carried over a long period, and you see a danger in lapse of time between future withdrawals by depositors and long terms of payment by authorized debtors.

I have always taught that there are three forms of agricultural credit, corresponding in the first case to pledges of six, seven, or eight months, in which the use of ordinary deposits is lawful and natural. Any bank would be foolish which put all its deposits in such enterprises without the provision of liberal funds and easily convertible securities, such as Treasury bonds, with which to meet unforeseen withdrawals. What proof have you that the administration of the new institution will not adhere strictly to such a policy of prudence?

Then there is another form of agricultural credit for such operations as vine-culture, etc., requiring longer terms, three years, for instance, and for this form your friend (as I am glad to call myself) devised forty years ago the Agricultural Treasury Bond, as I called it, for depositors receiving higher interest on savings subject to withdrawal only at times corresponding to the terms of the loan.

And lastly, there is the third form of agricultural credit, secured on the produce of the land, with preferment for mortgages on the same, in accordance with the admirable new progress in legislation, and recently illustrated in a novel and clever way by the brilliant attorney Bolla of Florence.

For the very reason that the National Bank of Agriculture is desirous of showing by its deeds that it is faithful to the promise of its name, it will study and apply all these various forms of agricultural credit, taking care to meet them with corresponding contracts for deposit.

I shall stop here, my friends; you have acquired through science and teaching such well-deserved renown that it would be an act of strength rather than of weakness to admit this once that you are somewhat in the wrong. Only wise and powerful men like you can afford a public confession of their few mistakes, which are completely overshadowed by their merits, thereby fortifying their name on earth, and, if they believe in it, as I do, in the future life.

Italy is in need of sane, workable credit institutions, enjoying universal confidence; we must be cautious in our criticism, and direct it only against those who unquestionably deserve it, and offer it unostentatiously if it would injure the public interest in any way.

Protest of Egyptian Nationalists

THE delegation of the Egyptian National Party sent to the Conference at Lausanne in protest against Great Britain's assumption to represent and speak for the country, has issued a manifesto in which it says:

The present government of Egypt is illegal and anti-national. It was not invested with its powers by the nation but, thanks to a clever fabrication, by England alone. There is no longer any representative government in Egypt, the only national assembly which existed having in fact been dissolved by not being convoked for several years, and having its lawfully elected vice-president driven out of the country, without consulting it. Accordingly, it was impossible for Egypt officially to express her choice in the matter of a delegation to Lausanne, while, on the other hand, it was inadmissible to have the delegation chosen by England—for it is against that country exactly that Egypt wishes to defend her rights!

The purpose of this delegation is to demand absolute freedom for Egypt, and to lead to victory before the interested Powers the principles of the National Pact. These principles are:

1. Complete independence of the whole Nile Valley, without any kind of restriction or infringement, the Treaty of Sudan of 1899 being declared null and void.

2. Evacuation of all British troops from the Nile Valley.

3. Not to countenance the holding of any special privileges by England in the Nile Valley, but to oppose all its claims in that respect.

4. The question of the capitulations not to be settled except

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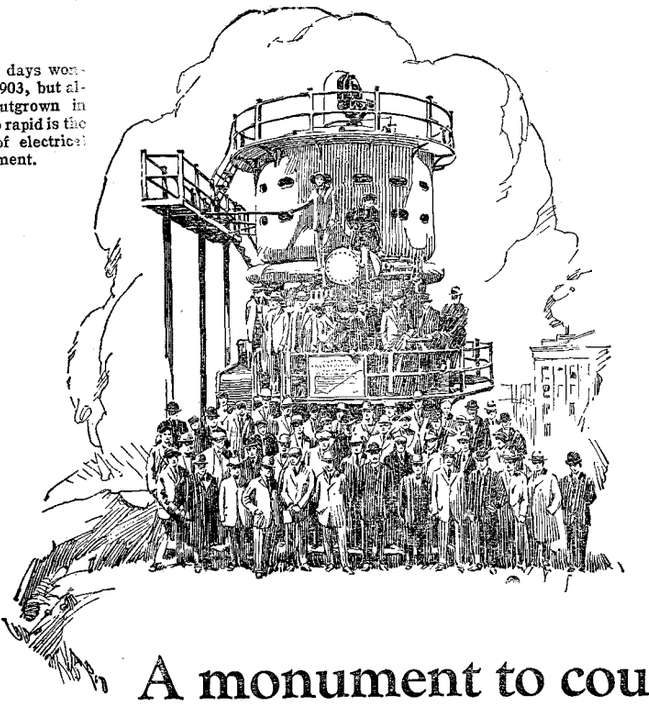

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by direct negotiations between Egypt and the interested Powers.

5. All Anglo-Egyptian attempts at withdrawing the Egyptian question from the attention of the Conference of Lausanne to be condemned.

6. To oppose all English attempts at having confirmed any of the measures taken during the reign of martial law.

7. To establish the neutrality of the Suez Canal, according to the Protocol of Constantinople of 1888, and to acknowledge Egypt's right to defend that neutrality.

In consequence of the proclamation of the English Protectorate, which is but the latest maneuver through which Great Britain tries to strengthen her hold on the Nile Valley, she believes herself authorized to discuss *privately* with Egypt all questions on which she disagrees with that country. The English Protectorate, however, being unilateral, binding one party only, is illegal, and can therefore not serve as a basis to further English demands. It has not bestowed any rights on Great Britain which she did not possess before. If we place ourselves in the position in which we were before that proclamation, we are forced to recognize that Egypt has a contract which binds her to Turkey and is still valid, since the Treaty of Sèvres has become *res nullius*. The Treaty of Sèvres, disposing of Egypt according to England's wishes, was signed by all the nations interested in the Oriental settlement. It is therefore clear that its revision (as far as Egypt is concerned, which was countersigned in these articles) must be submitted to these signatory Powers of the first treaty, and that, since it is evident that Egypt did not transfer to England authority to use her signature, *Egypt herself* must discuss her rights and present before the Conference of Lausanne the defense which English aggression has made necessary.

It is a generally accepted diplomatic usage that Powers interested in the settlement of a question fraught with dangers for them all should participate in the debates between the two chief combatants since these debates are to bring a fair solution, guaranteeing the national interests of those principally concerned as well as the general collective interests of the other Powers.

The present Egyptian situation constitutes a serious obstacle to the peace of the world. The geographic position of the country, its economic condition, the different treaties that control it, as well as its relations with the rest of the Mohammedan world, make its independence necessary. Egypt's submission to any one nation must seriously compromise the equilibrium of world affairs, for it gives that nation a dangerous preponderance over the rest of the Powers . . . especially if it should happen already to own the strongest navy and largest colonial possessions in the world.

It is therefore important that all discussions relative to Egypt should be held before the Powers that have interests in the Mediterranean, for it could scarcely be claimed that their fate must be subordinated to that of the Power which holds India. Whatever be the relations of cause and effect which unite the country that guards the Suez Canal with the country that stocks the Britannic coffers, one cannot infer from them that the former should be spared all the contingencies that are born of the Mediterranean situation. Without wishing to examine in detail the respective interests of the different Powers as far as they depend on Egyptian independence, without even wishing to discuss the form a definitive settlement of the question of the Suez Canal and its duties ought to take, we find it self-evident that their own interests should force the Mediterranean Powers to oppose the installation on that sea of a nation particularly formidable, on account of its strength as well as on account of its faculty of absorption.

At this present time not one of the Mediterranean Powers has any designs upon Egypt. France has long since renounced her claims, while Italy has no ambitions toward the Nile Valley, outside of the wish to live in mutual good-will with an Egypt freed of all bondage and respecting the rights of everyone, as long as these rights do not constitute privileges. But the situation of all these Powers would, from a naval standpoint, become most precarious, should they find themselves caught within a vise—one end of which would be Gibraltar and the other the Suez Canal!

From this brief outline of the international importance of Egypt and her relations to England it must appear how deeply her *status* has been troubled by events that have taken place since 1914. It is in the hope of clarifying the respective positions of Egypt and the Powers that the Egyptian National delegation earnestly begs the representatives of these Powers kindly to listen to it during the diplomatic debates that have begun at Lausanne. The delegation feels certain in that its arguments and documents will quickly convince the representatives of the Great Powers of the validity of Egypt's rights and the justice of her demands. And it hopes that Egypt, who once before had her essential rights guaranteed by the agreement of the signatory Powers of the Treaty of London, will again see her sovereignty affirmed by these same nations.

The delegation wishes to declare:

(a) That Egypt's sovereignty does not spring from any generosity of England, but from the treaties and constitutional decrees of its *status*, and the will of sovereign Turkey;

(b) That the proclamation of the Protectorate, made by England alone and without the consent of Egypt, has altered in no respect her rightful position;

(c) That the proclamation of the 28th of February is null and void since it took for granted an illegal situation of which it was the logical consequence, and because it has been made without the consent of Egypt herself.

In conclusion the delegation expresses its principles and aspirations as follows:

To have the whole Nile Valley, including the Sudan and its annexes, declared independent by the Powers assembled at Lausanne, who themselves must be interested in safeguarding Egyptian independence if they wish to parry a situation full of dangers for all Mediterranean nations.

To have nullified the Treaty of 1899, which grants special rights to England in the Sudan, and to break up the Anglo-Egyptian association which compromises the safety of Egypt and commits an offense against Egyptian sovereignty.

To have the Nile Valley evacuated by the English troops, whose presence is an insult to a free nation.

To oppose all granting of privileges to England or any other Power, such privileges being of necessity a detriment to national freedom, as well as to the interests of all third parties.

To discuss with the Powers interested, without inter-meddlings from England, what arrangements to make for the establishment of normal international relations with Egypt (capitulations).

To oppose all Egyptian representation at Lausanne which is chosen by a government that does not derive its powers from the nation but from England.

To refuse the ratification of any measures taken during martial law, said measures to be submitted to a national assembly.

To claim custody of the Suez Canal, which is the only possibility of assuring its actual neutrality and safeguarding Mediterranean interests against the encroachments of Great Britain.

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